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THE TREATY WITH AMERICA.

THE President of the UNITED STATES, having previously summoned an extraordinary Session for the purpose of considering the conclusions of the Joint Commission, is now able to submit to the Senate the Treaty which has been concluded. It proves to be an absolute surrender of every point for which successive English Governments have contended. It commences with the humble apology which was demanded in vain by Mr. SUMNER and Mr. FISH; and the English Commissioners, as if for the express purpose of humiliating their country, have committed the blunder of declaring that the law which they recognise for the purpose of compensation was not in force when the supposed liability was incurred. A penalty inflicted for the breach of a legal obligation would have been comparatively endurable. The excuse for their inconsistency is founded on the professed desire of the English Government to cultivate friendly relations with the United States. A thinner veil could not have been woven to disguise the true motive of unqualified submission. It is not easy to understand the imminence of the danger which seems to have frightened the Commissioners. At the worst the American Government could only have threatened a lawless invasion of Canada; and it is not likely that so coarse a menace was used to accelerate the negotiation. If any patriotic American desires fully to appreciate the triumph of his country, he has only to contrast the Treaty with the despatches of Lord RUSSELL and Lord CLARENDON, and above all with Mr. BERNARD's excellent treatise, which from this time is obsolete. It is not surprising either that Mr. SUMNER expresses general satisfaction with the Treaty, or that he thinks it practicable to inflict on England the additional affront of making the arbitration exclusively one-sided. Perhaps the more generous section of his countrymen will be satisfied with the ample revenge which they have secured for all real and imaginary offences.

As the removal of Mr. SUMNER from the office of Chairman of Foreign Relations proves that the PRESIDENT is supported by a majority in the Senate, there is every reason to believe that the Convention will be ratified. Circumstances have changed since the vexatious rejection of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's Treaty. In 1869, when Mr. SEWARD shared the profound unpopularity of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, chronic ill-will to England was stimulated by unwillingness to allow the outgoing Administration the credit of effecting a settlement of the dispute. General GRANT and Mr. HAMILTON FISH have on more than one occasion displayed an exacting and unfriendly spirit in dealing with the *Alabama* controversy; but their late proceedings seem to prove that they have the good sense to prefer a substantial victory to any political advantage which they might secure by keeping the quarrel open. As the English Commissioners consented to surrender the main point in dispute, the PRESIDENT's Government can scarcely be blamed for adopting their decision. In the arrangement of a compromise, or of a submission, the party who is less eager for an adjustment enjoys an undoubted superiority. In the United States the possibility of a rupture with England involved a mere disturbance of commercial credit; and in popular estimation the inconvenience was overbalanced by the hope that war might result in territorial aggrandizement. Englishmen, on the other hand, have cultivated for many years a genuine love of peace which is neither shared nor understood by any other civilized community; nor could it be forgotten that a struggle in Canada would be conducted under the most unfavourable conditions. There was nothing to gain, and much to lose, in a conflict with the United States; and the hostile feeling which so largely affects American politics has never been reciprocated in Eng-

land. The great majority of the people, having neither leisure nor inclination for the study of questions of international law, have probably received a vague impression that the persistent complaints of American speakers and writers must have had more or less foundation; and the present Government is not especially susceptible on delicate points of honour. Mr. GLADSTONE has, since the final overthrow of the Southern Confederacy, felt and expressed the deepest remorse for the sympathy with which he regarded their heroic efforts when they seemed likely to win. Lord STANLEY and Lord CLARENDON have, by their large concessions to the exigency of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, prepared general opinion for the ultimate prevalence of the American demands.

The additional quarrel with respect to the fisheries, which has recently been fastened on England and Canada, unexpectedly gave an opening for fresh negotiations in the matter of the *Alabama*. To Sir EDWARD THORNTON's proposal of a Commission on the fishery question the SECRETARY OF STATE replied by a suggestion that the same machinery should be used to prepare the way for a settlement of the still more serious dispute. When England was a self-asserting and perhaps a pugnacious Power, the overture would not have been readily accepted. It was known from Mr. FISH's notorious despatch to Lord CLARENDON, and from the PRESIDENT's last Message to Congress, that the American demands had been extended even beyond the limits which were defined by Mr. SUMNER; but the Ministers probably only wished to find a decent excuse for giving way, and a Commission might be supposed to give a kind of judicial colour to a predetermined surrender. Like the Conference of three months ago, the Commissioners met without any foregone conclusion, but with a result which might be easily foreseen, as it was involved in the terms of their appointment. There could be no objection to their concurrence in a prospective alteration of international law. Times and circumstances have changed; and it may perhaps be expedient to impose on neutrals a further restriction in their dealings with belligerents. Many politicians hold that the prohibition of the equipment of vessels which may afterwards be armed as cruisers would be highly valuable if England were a principal in a maritime war. It is agreed on all hands that, according to the existing law, an armed vessel fit for service cannot be lawfully allowed to issue from a neutral port; and throughout the *Alabama* controversy the English Government admitted, perhaps with an excess of candour, that on sufficient evidence the ship might have been prevented from leaving the Mersey. The subsequent judgment of the Court of Exchequer threw a doubt on the soundness of the opinions of Lord RUSSELL's law advisers; but the Americans may fairly rely in argument on the virtual acknowledgment of the legitimacy of their protests. In his long correspondence with Mr. ADAMS Lord RUSSELL clearly proved that according to European and American precedents the English Government was not responsible for the escape of the *Alabama*, but it was impossible to fall back on a position which had been abandoned by his successors at the Foreign Office.

The sting of the Convention, apart from considerations of national honour and self-respect, lies in the retrospective effect which is given to the new provision of international law. There is much difference of opinion as to the soundness of the policy embodied in the Declaration of Paris; and it has been contended that the maritime power of England is diminished by the rule that free bottoms make free goods; but it has never been alleged that the Declaration involved any compromise of national dignity. If the old rule had been enforced during the Crimean war, a demand that enemy's goods captured in neutral vessels should be restored would have been summarily rejected. The deliberate change of the law

implied that the right of capture existed up to the date of the Declaration. It appears that the Commissioners, having agreed on a certain proposition of law, have further provided that the *Alabama* question shall be determined in conformity with the new enactment. It would have been a simpler course to state that the conduct of the English Government in the *Alabama* case was a breach of international law; but the English Commissioners may be excused for preferring a form of expression which partially veils the real character of their decision. The machinery which they have provided for determining the claims is highly decorous, and even ornamental. It is perhaps pleasanter to be fined by a Court of Kings and Presidents of Republics than by a vulgar Board of arbitrators. It is not known whether the Emperor of BRAZIL can command the services of accomplished jurists among his own subjects; but there can be no doubt that the Governments which have been selected to give dignity to the arrangement will take care that they are respectably represented at Washington. A difficulty arising from the possible refusal of the House of Representatives to vote any money which may be required may perhaps cause future complications.

The second Convention is properly made subject to the ratification of the Canadian Parliament, as well as of the Imperial Government; but it may be supposed that Sir JOHN MACDONALD represents the feeling and opinions of his fellow-colonists. In this case also the Government of the United States has succeeded in its main contention. Americans are henceforth to be allowed an equal right in the Canadian fisheries, and the inhabitants of the Dominion are on their side admitted to a share in the fisheries in the North-Eastern States. As the reciprocal privileges are confessedly of unequal value, the American Government is to pay to Canada a sum to be determined by arbitration; and it may be hoped that the Canadian Parliament will apply the amount in some form to the benefit of the districts which are immediately interested in the fisheries. The dispute which is now to be settled in favour of the Americans dates from the close of the war of 1812, which had terminated the rights of fishing enjoyed before the Revolution and preserved by the Treaty of 1783. In the late negotiations the Americans have contended that their vested interest in the fisheries was not a mere matter of contract, but rather a property analogous to territorial ownership; but it seems clear that a covenant is merely a covenant, and by the Treaty of 1818, in which the right of fishing was conceded as part of an arrangement for commercial intercourse, the claim of a prior right was virtually abandoned. As the Canadians have borne with the interference of the American fishermen during the greater part of the interval since the establishment of the Republic, there is no reason to suppose that they will suffer any intolerable hardship. The maintenance of the exclusive right to the fisheries might possibly have been useful as an equivalent to be conceded for some future commercial concession; but there can be no doubt that American legislation is tending in the direction of Free-trade, and that the former intercourse will be revived, not as an act of liberality, but for the obvious benefit of the United States. The arrangements for settling the San Juan dispute, which has been revived by the American Government, are not yet known. An open arbitration would be the most satisfactory method of securing, in one instance at least, the interest and honour of England.

THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE.

THE resistance of the insurgents outside Paris is practically at an end. Fort Issy is in the possession of the Government, having been evacuated after three of the commandants sent to hold it had been successively killed. With the incurable perverseness of all French journals, triumphant or despondent, the friends of the Government chose to announce in the newspapers of Versailles that 350 prisoners had been taken in it. It would thus have seemed as if Fort Issy had been captured in spite of an active resistance. Nothing of the sort really happened. The insurgents abandoned the fort, and the Government troops, guessing what had happened, walked into it without any opposition. Now that Issy is in the hands of the Government, Fort Vanves is clearly untenable; and even if it has not been evacuated, it is at any rate not in a state to do any further harm. On the west side General DOUAT has succeeded in advancing his troops under shelter of the Bois de Boulogne to a position within 300 yards of the enceinte, while the batteries of the insurgents at the Point du Jour are effectually silenced by the weight and power of the big guns established at Montretout. The artill-

ery of the Government is so effective, and it can now operate at so short a range, that a breach on the enceinte can, it is expected, be made with the utmost ease. It can be only a question of a few days or hours as to when MACMAHON will find himself ready to order the assault with a probability of losing as few lives as possible in the attempt. What will happen next no one can say. It may be that there will be no serious endeavour to hold the barricades, and to resist when all hope of ultimate success is gone. But the Parisians are evidently of opinion that there will be much desperate fighting in the streets, and that possibly a considerable portion of the city will be laid in ruins. Benevolent persons are even trying to make preparations on a large scale at St. Denis for the reception of the thousands of fugitives who, they are convinced, will flee out of the city in the last hours of terror. In spite of all their follies and difficulties, in spite of their intestine quarrels, of the rapid change of commanders, and of their want of ammunition and of the materials of war, the insurgents, while constantly unsuccessful, fight on with the greatest tenacity and courage. The ferocity of the Versailles troops kindles an answering ferocity in the breasts of those who oppose them, and if street fighting once begins, while little quarter may be given, little may be asked for. M. DUFAURE has thought the eve of the final conflict the proper occasion to announce that directly the military force of the Government has done its work, the lawyers will be ready to do their work, and that the tribunals will do speedy and wholesale justice on those who have set the law at defiance. Whether it is prudent to take the last hope away from desperate men is extremely doubtful, and the Assembly at Versailles certainly does not require to be goaded into fresh fury by the prospects of prolonged vengeance held out to it by a legal official. Unless the Commune abandons the contest on finding the enceinte breached, Paris has got to go through some days probably of the most terrible misery, havoc, and confusion, and some months of bloody and merciless vengeance. It is a most terrible prospect, and the civilized world can only hope that in the first place the useless contest may still be averted, and then that the Government may learn the wisdom of clemency for itself, and be able to impose on others the lesson it has learnt.

Inside Paris things have been going on this week as badly as possible, except that there has even now been nothing like general pillage. The Bank of France has apparently continued its advances to the Commune, and it can scarcely have done this without the sanction of the Versailles Government. The great Railway Companies having their terminus in Paris have been forced to pay large sums by way of forced contribution to the needs of the city, and the octroi duties and the tobacco duty have never failed to bring in something. There also seems to be more liberty of spoken opinion than might have been expected. One newspaper after another has been suppressed, but all the English Correspondents agree in saying that they hear the proceedings in the Commune severely criticized in public places. Nor has there been anything like a serious want of food. But although the daily life of those who do not inhabit quarters of the city exposed to actual danger is not very much changed, yet the extreme uncertainty as to what is going to happen must have a most paralyzing effect. Paris literally wakes up every day under a different set of rulers. There is the tail-end of the Commune, there is the Secret Committee, there is the Military Commission, there are the Generals-in-chief, and it seems a mere accident which of these powers is for the moment in the ascendant. At the end of last week ROSSET seemed the coming man on whom all the fortunes of the insurrection were to be staked. Since then ROSSET has given in his resignation, has been arrested, has escaped from arrest, and has been, it is said, again arrested. If the insurgents had under any circumstances a chance of success, it would lie in the elevation of a competent general to dictatorial power. ROSSET was urged by some of his friends to assume the position of a Dictator, and M. ROCHEFORT, who is still allowed to write whatever he pleases, openly advised that he should be made Dictator. But, as ROSSET said in his farewell address, he would not be faithless to the trust reposed in him by the people, and therefore, when he found that he could not carry out the military measures which he judged necessary he resigned, and as he knew that every unsuccessful general must be arrested, he announced that he was ready to go to Mazas. Like every other general of the insurgents who has had to order important operations, he had to complain that he was not furnished with anything like the number of men he required, and had been promised. The National Guard is evidently not fighting as a body, nor can there be anything like the 90,000 men ready to

light of whom the insurgent leaders boast. All that can be said is, that after all deductions have been made there is a considerable body of fighting men, who are reckless of their lives, and who are equally ready to obey any of the insurgent authorities who happen to be in supreme command for the day. The Party of Order is utterly cowed, and merely looks on as spectators; but somehow there appears to be a sort of control exercised over the Commune by public opinion. The column of Vendôme is still standing, and the bulk of the Parisians are clearly opposed to the stupid, childish talk of destroying a great national monument because it happens to record the military glories of France. There does not seem to be much chance of France having the opportunity of erecting new columns of Vendôme for some time to come, and anything that could counterpoise the reverses of Sedan and Metz might naturally be grateful to French feeling. The violent spirits that rule the Commune seem, however, to take great pleasure in issuing edicts that express in a puerile manner their hatred of their enemies. They have decreed that the mortuary chapel erected to Louis XVI. shall be destroyed in honour of the first Republic, whose absurd and complicated chronology they have thought fit to adopt. They have also declared that the contents of the private dwelling of M. THIERS shall be confiscated, and the house itself laid in ruins. But the chapel still stands as it was, and M. THIERS's house is merely guarded by sentinels. Every act of the insurgent leaders looks like the act of men who wish to indulge in the last freaks of power which they know is slipping from them, and who yet have neither the time nor the heart to see that what they order is carried out. With success hopeless, divided councils, few trustworthy troops, and no general who is sure that he is trusted, it would seem as if the insurgent authorities must know that the inevitable end is come. Still the ways of the Commune are not at all the ways of ordinary men, and no one in Paris or out of Paris can be sure that a desperate resistance will not even now be offered to the Versailles troops after they have entered the city.

A few days ago M. THIERS issued a proclamation to the Parisians in which he informed them that every preparation had been made by the Government to enter the city in force; but he entreated the Parisians to save the Government the trouble, and to anticipate the movement by rising against the Commune and opening the gates to their deliverers. This would certainly be a most convenient mode of ending the business to the Government, but the Parisians are not likely to see the matter in the same light. M. THIERS promises that he will not bombard the city, and that he will, if possible, confine the military operations to the quarter where resistance is made. A Parisian may reasonably think that if he rose against the Commune, he would infallibly be shot at once, whereas, if he keeps quiet, he has only to wait until the Government does all the dangerous part of the work for him. Nor is the political part of the proclamation, so far as it is political, calculated to attract the Parisians very warmly. M. THIERS tells them that Paris by the new municipal law is treated exactly as all the other large towns of France, and that to give a preference to Paris would be an odious and un-Republican thing to do. This the Parisians would allow, but their grievance is that neither Paris nor any other of the large towns is treated fairly, and M. THIERS himself was the very first man who, contrary to the wishes of the Assembly, insisted that the municipal councils of all large towns must for the sake of order be placed under the control of a Government nominee. The chances seem to increase every day that the views of Paris and of the large towns will in this respect ultimately prevail, and if they do prevail, it will be entirely through the insurrection of the Commune that they will triumph. The Commune is to all appearance on the eve of perishing, but before it perishes it will have laid the foundations of a material change in the political future of France. A proposition has been made this week in the Assembly by M. EDGAR QUINET for affording more effectual representation to the large towns; and although it was rejected by an overwhelming majority, the opposition to it was almost exclusively based on the inopportune of the time when it was brought forward. All speakers of all parties agreed that the system of keeping down the large towns by arranging the electoral law so as to annihilate them could no longer be maintained. It was one of the most favourite and the most effectual devices of the Empire; but the resistance of the Commune has at least had the effect of forcing Frenchmen to reflect on the claims of the large towns, and to feel that France can never be tranquil if the centres of population and wealth and intelligence are to be virtually shut out of all influence on the politics of the country by clever manipulations of the electoral law. Englishmen cannot too often

remind themselves, and inform their friends on the Continent, that the tranquillity of this country has in recent years reposed on the admission of the large towns to a preponderating influence in politics. In England the counties act as a ballast and counterpoise to the boroughs, but the boroughs return many more members, and as Mr. DISRAELI said, when he resigned on observing the results of the election of 1868, a Minister cannot pretend to govern England unless he is supported by the English boroughs. How the claims of the large towns of France, which are for the most part republican, are to be reconciled with the claims of the rural districts, which are priest-ridden and monarchical, no one without such a knowledge of France as no foreigners and few Frenchmen possess can pretend to say; but even reactionary Frenchmen have come to understand that some way of reconciling them must be found, or peace in France is an impossibility.

MR. GLADSTONE WITHDRAWING HIS BILLS.

THE excellent reasons which induced Mr. GLADSTONE to withdraw some of his principal measures might advantageously have been taken into consideration before they were proposed. The LORD CHANCELLOR's Bills on Courts of Judicature could not have been carried in the present year, but it would have been convenient that they should be discussed in the House of Lords. It is not even certain that any such measure was ready for production. In the course of last Session the LORD CHANCELLOR proposed to evade the difficulty of framing a system of procedure by giving extravagantly wide powers to the Judges of the new Courts. In conformity with the words of the Bill, the Courts might almost have repealed the whole Common Law or abolished Equity. The enactments of the Bill itself were comparatively unimportant, consisting largely in a useless change of names and titles. Lord CAIRNS and other Law Lords naturally objected to the CHANCELLOR's indolent device; and he so far admitted the justice of their remonstrances as to promise that a code of procedure should be included in this year's Bill. The intrinsic difficulty of the subject furnishes an excuse both for the delays and for the repeated failures of different Governments; but it is desirable to remodel the whole fabric of the judicature, the present time is not unfavourable to the enterprise. The interests which are most immediately concerned are those of lawyers, and it is desirable to secure as far as possible the approval of the Judges. Lord HATHERLEY's plan followed the recommendations of a Committee of which Lord CAIRNS was the principal member; and consequently the framework of the Bill was almost secure against formidable criticism. For many reasons the measure would be most competently discussed by the House of Lords; but Mr. GLADSTONE is right when he thinks that its fate depends on the House of Commons. The votes of members on such a matter would be greatly influenced by their professional constituents; and a union of hostile attorneys would be almost as formidable as the victorious publican League.

Against Temperance Societies and promoters of Permissive Bills the defence of the Government for withdrawing Mr. BRUCE's Licensing clauses will be the most complete of all apologies. What is impossible cannot be brought to pass even by the strongest of Administrations. As soon as the Bill was introduced, it became clear that it must excite the implacable hostility of all publicans and of the great majority of brewers. If public-houses had been kept by a titled and privileged aristocracy, it might have been practicable to overcome their resistance by appeals to popular prejudice and jealousy. It was comparatively easy to convince the country that the Irish Church was an anomaly, and to impose restrictions on the administration of Irish estates; but the licensed victuallers are, luckily for themselves, neither priests nor members of an exclusive order; and they are everywhere in the closest intercourse both with the middle class to which they belong, and with the great mass of the population. With ruin or intolerable inconvenience staring them in the face, it could not be doubted that they would immediately organize a compact and formidable opposition. The accident of a vacancy for a Northern borough gave them a welcome opportunity of proving that they had power to turn an election against the Government; and more than half the members of the House of Commons became aware that their seats, after the next dissolution, might probably depend on their course with respect to the Government Bill. The arguments against the measure which are advanced in many conspicuous placards are not perhaps entirely convincing; but, like arrows, their effect is measured by the force which propels them; eloquent exhortations to

Englishmen to defend their right of drinking against a tyrannical Legislature are chiefly impressive because they show that the vendors of drink are in earnest; and yet it is possible that, if the contest had not been suddenly terminated, an agitation still more serious might have arisen among the consumers. The Bill involved constant and universal interference with the tastes and habits of the numerical majority of the entire people. The public-house is to its frequenters their club, their drawing-room, and the centre of all their social existence. It would not have been difficult to persuade them that legislators accustomed to more luxurious modes of life were, without sacrifice of their own tastes, encroaching on the comforts of their humbler neighbours; and in a trial of electoral strength the beer-drinkers would probably have defeated the professors of abstinence. In the result the publicans had no need to draw on their reserves, for their own strength proved to be sufficient for their purpose. Scarcely a fortnight has passed since Mr. BRUCE assured Sir C. TREVELYAN and a highly respectable deputation that they were spurring a willing horse when they urged him to persevere with the Bill. Since that time he has measured the leap which he proposed to take, and he finds it too high or too wide. If he was unable to foresee the resistance which he provoked, he might at least have been expected to estimate more accurately the power of the combination which had by that time been actually formed. The political Secretary of the Treasury probably informed Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRUCE that it was useless and dangerous to proceed with the measure. If they would have listened to advisers who had no special means of knowing the feelings of members of the House, they would long since have learned that they were engaged in an impracticable undertaking. It is doubtful whether the remaining provisions of the Bill will not share the fate of the licensing clauses, but so many members of the House of Commons are pledged to do something to check drinking, that a majority may perhaps incline to satisfy its conscience by restrictions on the management of public-houses.

The Local Government Bill was too ambitious and elaborate a project to be used as a mere experiment on the temper of Parliament. It is not impossible that in future years the Government may succeed in carrying some similar measure, but for the present Mr. GOSCHEN has diminished his prospects of success by giving warning to those who would suffer by the adoption of the Bill. There can be no doubt that the measure itself and the speech by which it was introduced have largely increased the number of the open or secret enemies of the Government. In conjunction with the Licensing Bill, the Local Rating Bill has created or extended the general suspicion that under the present Government no interest is safe. Liberals with property to lose are becoming much less enthusiastic in favour of Ministers who hold that the presumption is always in favour of change. It is perhaps in some degree because Mr. GLADSTONE feels himself weaker in Parliamentary support that he has excepted from the sacrifice of Ministerial measures the Bill for regulating Parliamentary and Municipal Elections. Although some of the former opponents of the Ballot endeavour to excuse their change of opinion by persuading themselves that it will be inoperative, it is certain that it will greatly increase the strength of the extreme Liberals. The moderate party on either side of the House must lose by any diminution in the influence of wealth and station. A general election by ballot would perhaps restore the Government to the Parliamentary position which it occupied immediately after its accession to office. It is the obvious interest of the Opposition to prevent the application of the proposed system to the next trial of strength in the country. The House of Lords will therefore be inclined to postpone for two or three years the adoption of a change which is sooner or later inevitable. In the absence of the Ballot it may be doubted whether Mr. GLADSTONE could safely have appealed to the constituencies if he had been defeated on the Budget. The rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords may possibly serve the purpose of providing the Government with a popular cause or cry. It is not easy to arouse excitement on the mere question of the Ballot; but the interference of the House of Lords with a scheme for electing members of the House of Commons admits of ready development into a popular grievance.

The Army Regulation Bill could not have been abandoned without grave discredit. Although it has given little satisfaction, it involves the character of the Government, especially since it has largely affected the arrangements of the Budget. The purchase question has been virtually disposed of with the

acquiescence of all parties, although Mr. TREVELYAN has broadly intimated his desire to reopen the entire controversy. Mr. GLADSTONE has determined to devote to the prosecution of the measure all the Government nights; and it may be doubted whether it will henceforth incur any formidable opposition. There is no reason to anticipate any extraordinary pressure of business during the remainder of the Session. If time alone had been in question, it would have been easy to persevere either with the Licensing Bill or with Mr. GOSCHEN's project. Both measures were withdrawn because they were bad or inopportune; and not in deference to the urgent clauses of the Ballot Bill or even of the Army Regulation Bill. Nothing in their short existence became them so well as their departure.

THE PEACE OF FRANKFORT.

AT last the definitive Treaty of Peace between France and Germany has been signed, and the war begun on the 15th of last July has been brought formally to an end. Prince BISMARCK took occasion about a fortnight ago to speak his mind on the subject of the delays interposed by France. The French, he thought, were trying to get better terms than they were entitled to ask under the preliminaries, and they were collecting troops to a number and in a position which was not without danger to Germany. He was very unwilling to interfere with the internal politics of France, but he could give no pledge that he might not have to do so. The hints given by Prince BISMARCK had their effect. M. THIERS no longer hesitated to throw on the Commune the odium of exposing France to the risk of new aggressions on the part of her conqueror, and let every one know that there was some probability of the settlement of French affairs being taken out of French hands. But he also became convinced that it was of no use any longer to try to gain small diplomatic advantages. The conclusion of the Treaty of Peace was obviously of as great importance to him as it was said by Prince BISMARCK to be; and accordingly he stopped the negotiations at Brussels, and sent M. JULES FAVRE and the Finance Minister to have a personal interview with Prince BISMARCK at Frankfort. The representatives of the two countries met with an evidently sincere desire to settle the whole matter offhand, and in a very short time everything seems to have been arranged. Until we have the text of the Treaty, it is premature to accept any of the rumours that purport to hint what is the final form its provisions have assumed. But there is nothing improbable in the report that France has made a great effort to pay off the indemnity in a comparatively short time, and that Prince BISMARCK has in consequence abated something of his demands. It is said that 20,000,000*l.* sterling is to be deducted from the total sum of 200,000,000*l.* which was to have been paid, and that the balance of the indemnity, and we presume interest at five per cent., is to be paid at the expiration of a year. According to the preliminaries of peace, France had till the end of 1874 before the whole sum of five milliards was to be paid. It is an excellent bargain for both sides that one-tenth of the principal sum should be allowed as discount on the payment in a year's time of the remaining nine-tenths. It is, however, doubtful whether the arrangements as to the reduction of the indemnity and its early payment in full have been correctly reported, as M. THIERS, in announcing the conclusion of the treaty to the Assembly, said nothing about them. But M. POUYER-QUERTIER, who had returned from Frankfort, had some interesting information to give his hearers. He was especially delighted to be able to announce that France will retain her financial liberty. The French treaties of commerce with Germany are abrogated, and France and Germany will apply to each other's goods the tariffs in force in dealing with other countries. Thus the way is paved for the introduction of that rigid Protectionist system by which both M. THIERS and M. POUYER-QUERTIER set such store. The disputes that have long been going on as to the railways in the ceded provinces have also been settled, but the settlement is not one on which a French Minister could dwell with much satisfaction. The German Government will pay thirteen millions sterling for that portion of the system of the Eastern Railway of France which is included in the ceded territory; but it has only consented to do this, which is a mere act of justice to private proprietors, on condition that it gets hold of the line from Thionville to Luxemburg. Every one will remember the charges brought by the German Government against the Company owning this line, on the score of its partiality to the French; and it is obvious that the possession of this line greatly strengthens the German frontier, and makes Luxemburg for all practical

purposes a part of the German system of defence. But the Luxembourg Railway belongs to a Company largely English, and its line lies in territory belonging to the King of HOLLAND; and it certainly sounds strange that Germany must have a foreign line ceded to it by a foreign Company before it will pay the proprietors of the Eastern Railway of France for what it takes from them.

That the French Government would have to pay somewhat dearly for the financial assistance thus rendered to it is obvious; but then it has to pay on the whole twenty millions sterling less, and even from a money point of view it would probably be the gainer. But from every other point of view the advantage to France of having concluded a treaty of peace based on the guaranteed payment of the indemnity in a year would be enormous, and payment in immediate cash of the first milliard has been, it is said, already arranged. The preliminaries of peace provided that the German troops should begin to evacuate the French territory as soon as the Treaty was ratified, but they were not obliged to give up the Northern forts of Paris until the first milliard was paid, and the French Government had the whole of 1871 to pay it in. But now that the Treaty of Peace has been ratified, and directly the first milliard is paid, or securities admitted by the Germans to be equivalent to cash are received in lieu of cash for it, the Germans will give up the Northern forts and retire from the Western and Northern departments. It may be that they will henceforth think it necessary to hold temporarily little more of France than Belfort and one or two of the Eastern fortresses which they are ultimately to give up. But at any rate the Northern forts will pass at once into the hands of the Versailles Government. Paris will be entirely at its mercy, if it chooses to use its power either of bombarding or starving the rebellious city. But this is not all. The preliminaries of peace provided that prisoners of war should be immediately released. It was not contemplated that there should be any delay on this head. But circumstances made Prince BISMARCK hesitate to fulfil this stipulation. It had been arranged that the French Government should not have more than 40,000 troops north of the Loire. But it had been obliged to ask to be allowed to have 100,000, or even more; and Prince BISMARCK, while agreeing to this in consideration of the very difficult position in which the Government was placed by the insurrection of Paris, yet stated that he could not permit the force thus assembled to be recruited by the 200,000 or 300,000 French prisoners still in Germany. But now the whole of this vast body of soldiers will be at once set at liberty, and M. THIERS can make any use of them he pleases so long as they will obey him. He can employ them to keep down the cities of the South; he can send them off to prop up the tottering fabric of French rule in Algeria; or, if he wants more men to take Paris, he can have as many as he wishes. Perhaps in a short time the absence of the Germans who have exercised a controlling influence over both parties, and the vast size to which the French army will swell, may be sources of the most serious anxiety to M. THIERS; but for the moment he occupies a much more powerful position, and is much more evidently and incontestably at the head of a real French Government, than while he had at every step to know what he might do, and to consult the wishes and whims of his masters.

Germany, too, may be very glad that peace has been really signed. It is to this that the lapse of ten months, or scarcely ten months, has brought her, since she understood that the Emperor NAPOLEON really meant to pick a quarrel with her on the absurd pretext of the HOHENZOLLERN candidature. The result of it all may be summed up very briefly. Germany was asked for Mayence and she has got Metz, and made France pay for the war which gave her Metz. And now her soldiers may come home, and, of all prizes, this is the prize that German soldiers covet most. No one can doubt that the Germans are a most pacific nation, clinging to home, to the arts of peace and to family prosaic life. But it is said that they are led like dumb sheep at the hands of BISMARCK and MOLTKE, and that there is no knowing what scheme of aggrandizement Prince BISMARCK may be hatching. This is quite true. Prince BISMARCK is very daring and very unscrupulous; and it may be taken for granted that he will follow no policy but that which he thinks best harmonizes with German interests. But what are the interests of Germany? This is not at all an easy question to answer; but every indication of opinion that a nation can give is given by Germany in the direction of peace. The intimate persuasion of all educated Germans that Germany is to be the great bulwark of peace in Europe has always been consistently and faithfully reflected in the speeches of Prince BISMARCK.

Those who are bent on seeing in him the general disturber of the peace of Europe, the enemy of all small Powers, and the fosterer of the worst kind of military spirit in the officers of the Prussian army, will naturally attach no weight to the frequent warnings he has given to his countrymen against every dream of annexing non-German populations to Germany. But they can scarcely doubt that he is speaking what he really feels when he invites his countrymen not to blind themselves to the arduous nature of the task they have undertaken in annexing Alsace and Lorraine. It is incredible that he can now wish to increase those difficulties tenfold by bringing against their will Belgium or Holland or Denmark into the German fold. The incorporation of Alsace and Lorraine in Germany is by no means a trivial security that no wish can be for the present entertained to incorporate any of the small States adjoining Germany. And the war has shown that these small neighbours of Germany will not lightly abandon their attitude of strict neutrality. Belgium nearly risked war with France rather than risk war with Germany by allowing French Companies to own Belgian railways, and a system of customs duties to be instituted which would have placed Belgium in a sort of French Zollverein. Marshal NIEL persistently recommended that Prussia should be attacked through Holland; and the first thing the Dutch did last summer was to call out such a number of troops, and so to place them, as to make such a project impracticable. The good sense of Denmark kept her neutral until she had time to see what any departure from neutrality would have cost her. On the South, Austria has now been forced to abandon all projects for again gathering the States below the Main under her wing. Thus the war which has now ended has had a double effect for Germany. It has secured her, so far as a military position of enormous strength can secure her, against France; and it has proved to herself that from all her lesser neighbours she has nothing to fear; while the difficulties which she is perfectly aware she must encounter in Alsace and Lorraine will operate in the most powerful manner to induce her to let them flourish in their state of humble happiness.

UNIVERSITY TESTS.

A GREAT but little marked change has come over the long disputed question of University Tests. In the earlier stages of the controversy the lines both of attack and of defence had virtually exclusive reference to the destruction of the barriers which shut out certain classes of Englishmen from a share in the emoluments and advantages of Oxford and Cambridge. At present the two Universities are, in the matter of religion, close foundations. Membership of the Church of England is, in almost all cases, an indispensable qualification of admission to a Fellowship or Tutorship. The object of the earlier attacks upon the system of tests was to throw open these posts to men of all religions. The point in dispute was not how the holders of them were to behave themselves, but who should be considered competent to hold them. If Cambridge alone had been concerned, the settlement of this particular issue would really have been the settlement of the whole question. At Cambridge the opposition to tests has always taken a practical rather than a philosophical form. It has been mainly promoted by Dissenters who have gained high honours, and have found themselves excluded from the tangible benefits which, in the case of Churchmen, high honours entail as a matter of course. The difference between the two Universities is curiously shown in the reasoning which the opponents of tests have been accustomed to employ. The favourite Oxford argument against tests is that they have not kept out the people against whom they were directed; the favourite Cambridge argument is that they have kept out people against whom they ought not to have been directed. Each statement is true as regards the University in respect of which it is made. Positivists and Hegelians sit in the highest rooms at Oxford, while Baptists and Jews are denied admission to the fat things of Cambridge. To the latter a religious test is still the formula which affirms something which they deny; to the former it is, in the words of an Oxford witness before the Lord's Committee, a formula which does not admit of definite affirmation or definite denial, "because modern ideas are so completely outside the propositions to be signed that it is scarcely possible to find distinct points of contact at which the two can be said either to agree or disagree." The platform on which the question was originally debated has now been abandoned by both parties. Lord SALISBURY admits that, "whatever justification there may be for the claims which the

"Church has set up, and in past years maintained, for the exclusive enjoyment of the emoluments of the Universities, in the existing political situation those claims are hardly maintainable. The principle therefore of an open University is conceded on all hands. We desire"—it is Lord SALISBURY, not Lord KIMBERLEY, who is speaking—"that all honours and emoluments, all fellowships and scholarships, shall be thrown open without distinction to all subjects of the QUEEN."

But when the principle of an open University has been conceded there may fairly arise the further question under what conditions it is to be set up. Given that everybody is to be admitted, not only as a student but as a teacher, are any restrictions to be imposed on what is taught? This was the point which Lord SALISBURY raised on Monday, and therefore the charge of obstructiveness brought against him in more than one newspaper has no foundation. The amendment he proposed prevents no single subject of the QUEEN, be he Buddhist or Mahomedan or infidel, from becoming a teacher at Oxford or Cambridge. It simply imposes on every teacher, be he Buddhist or Mahomedan or infidel, the obligation of refraining from a particular kind of teaching—a teaching, that is, which is "contrary to the teaching or Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." This may be a good or a bad provision, but it cannot be fairly said to conflict with the principle of an open University. In fact, no opponent of tests denies that some restriction on the introduction of religious controversy into the teaching of non-religious subjects is legitimate. What is said is, not that every teacher should in this respect be free from any restriction whatever, but that all the restrictions that are needed will be found in his own sense of honour or in the public opinion of the University. There may or may not be good ground for doubting the adequacy of these last-mentioned restrictions, but those who do doubt it have a right to propose the substitution of other restrictions in place of these, without being accused of a desire to defeat the object of the Bill by a side wind. If the object of the Bill were to promote teaching subversive of the teaching or Divine authority of the Old and New Testaments, this description might legitimately be applied to those who voted with Lord SALISBURY on Monday. Inasmuch, however, as the object of the Bill is twofold—to throw open to all the QUEEN'S subjects the advantages of position and income incident to the work of a teacher at Oxford or Cambridge, and to secure to the Universities the advantage of getting the best teachers in all subjects without regard to their religious views—the adoption of the amendment was in no sense tantamount to a rejection of the Bill. A man may be a consistent enemy of tests, and yet a consistent supporter of Lord SALISBURY'S amendment. In private tuition the end at which that amendment aims is often secured by a declaration, volunteered to meet a parent's wishes, that the tutor will not use his influence with his pupil to imbue him with his own convictions on matters outside the subjects on which he is employed to instruct him. The effect of the clause introduced into the Bill by the House of Lords is simply to require such a declaration on the part of all persons holding tutorships, or positions analogous to tutorships, in the Universities.

We are the more careful to establish this because we are unable to regard the amendment itself with any favour. The proposal to make every "tutor, assistant-tutor, dean, censor, or lecturer in Divinity," declare that while holding his office he will not "teach anything contrary to the teaching or Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments" appears to us to be open to three grave objections. In the first place, it will be interpreted by different men in different ways, and among those who interpret it alike there will be widely different theories as to the application of it to particular instances. One teacher will treat it as simply pledging him not to say in so many words, "This teaching of mine is contrary to the teaching of Scripture," while another will consider himself bound not to put any statement before his pupil which is not in entire harmony with Scripture. One teacher, again, will treat the declaration as applying only to matters of faith; another will hold it to extend to matters of history, chronology, and physical science. One may take the extreme popular view of what the Bible teaches, and have scruples about condemning Jael's treachery to Sisera; another will exaggerate the more practical view, and contrive never to see any essential discord between the statements of Scripture and anything that he himself wants to say. A declaration thus variously explained will in the long run be efficacious only in the mildest and most restricted sense of all, just as the tests now in use must be judged by the lowest degree in which they influence those who take

them. Anything above this is merely accidental. It is in the man of ordinary scrupulousness whom they let in, not in the man of more than ordinary scrupulousness whom they exclude, that the nature of their operation must be looked for. It is a second objection to the amendment that the abolition of this declaration is sure to be demanded by a section of the Liberal party, and that, if obtained, as it is more than likely it will soon be, this abolition will serve as a sort of signal and invitation to the teachers whom the declaration is meant to fetter to make full use of their liberty. It seems to be generally admitted that at present a tutor who is not himself a believer in Christianity, or perhaps even in natural religion, does practise some amount of reticence to the undergraduates who come to him as pupils. Proclaim to such a man that nothing but his formal declaration binds him to observe this reticence, and then release him from the necessity of making that declaration, and he will naturally argue that, as the obligation was consciously imposed and consciously withdrawn, those who are responsible for the latter step have had full notice of the consequences of their act. The third vice of Lord SALISBURY'S proposal is, that it tends to divert attention from a real danger by fixing it on an imaginary safeguard. What this danger is was stated by Mr. APPLETON before the Lords' Committee, and nothing that has been said in disparagement of his statements has really weakened their force. The Archbishop of York denied them because one-eighth of the undergraduates go to hear Dr. LIDDON lecture on the Greek Testament; but this fact is not to our minds so conclusive as the Archbishop seems to think it against the existence of sceptical tendencies on the part of the other seven-eighths. The Bishop of MANCHESTER was mildly jocose on the tendency of tidal waves to recede when they reach their highest, but matter-of-fact people will hardly see in this any assurance that the particular wave referred to may not mount a good deal further before it exemplifies the Episcopal generalization. Lord WESTBURY declared himself quite easy about the theological condition of Oxford, because last Saturday and Sunday he visited "St. Mary's and the other chapels" and "observed there nothing to justify" Mr. APPLETON'S statement. Apparently Lord WESTBURY, confounding irreligion with iconoclasm, will not admit that the foundations of belief can be unsettled so long as the University church and the College chapels are left standing. Taken with that large allowance which must always be granted to statements which relate to large classes of persons, Mr. APPLETON'S deduction of the recent development of scepticism in Oxford from the system of education for the final classical school and for fellowship examinations is probably fairly accurate. "A man may be asked questions about all kinds of things in philosophy, literature, and politics, and he is expected to know something at least of what the greatest thinkers of modern times have said about them." It is far more easy for a young man of twenty-one to get up what the greatest thinkers of modern times have said about a great variety of subjects than it is for him to estimate to any purpose the real value of what they have said about any one of them. There is no reason to suppose that the Examiners would give an unjust preference to the candidate who undertook to refute HEGEL over the candidate who merely showed by a clever reproduction how thoroughly he had assimilated HEGEL'S doctrines, but it is obvious that the latter process is most likely to recommend itself as the less laborious to a man who is reading for an examination. This is not the time to discuss whether the ultra-philosophical character which has of late years been given to the final classical school at Oxford should be modified, or whether such modification, if attempted, should be directed to the limitation of the subjects read or to the extension of the time employed in reading them, and the multiplication of the points of view from which they are regarded. We have only space to insist that if the selection of books read, and the manner in which they are read, are the causes of unbelief in Oxford, that unbelief will not be checked by any negative provision as to *vis à voce* teaching. To treat a declaration to be taken by a tutor as any protection against a phenomenon which springs from a source and shows itself in ways with which the tutor has little or no concern, is to lessen the chance of any adequate remedy being applied at the real seat of the mischief. There is, moreover, the irritation which must be created in the other University at the spectacle of the evils to be dreaded, and the remedies offered to counteract them, being ostentatiously drawn from Oxford, as if Cambridge were a mere duplicate, and not an institution with its own idiosyncrasies, its own merits, and its own deficiencies.

The portion of Lord SALISBURY'S amendments which relates to the maintenance of Church of England worship in the

College Chapels, and the provision for Church teaching on behalf of those undergraduates who are Churchmen, stands upon a totally different basis, and ought, we think, to be cheerfully conceded. No doubt the College Chapel of former days has too often been little more than an unedifying formality, but we are willing to believe that, as in many other features of the Church system, so in this one, the last few years have fostered a noticeable growth of earnestness. It is certain that in College Chapels at Cambridge, the Sunday morning sermon, a formerly unknown institution, is finding its place, while at the two principal colleges, one of which has lately rebuilt and the other is restoring its chapel—on a noble scale in each case—a weekly celebration of the Communion has, primarily at the request of undergraduates, taken the place of the unfrequent sacraments of former days. The Churchmen who look hopefully upon the opening of the Universities, and those who regret that step, may at all events unite to improve or to mitigate the change by increased exertions to make the religious teaching of the lecture-room and of the chapel attractive and persuasive to the youthful minds brought under its influence.

MR. GOSCHEN'S LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

IT was known, before Mr. GLADSTONE formally announced the withdrawal of Mr. GOSCHEN'S Local Government Bill, that it could not be passed in the present Session. The same process which procured the adoption of the Budget might, indeed, have been employed once or twice more with similar success. Mr. GLADSTONE has already twice in the present Session appealed to his party on a vote of want of confidence; and perhaps he scarcely appreciates the loss which he is liable to incur by frequent repetitions of the demand on their allegiance. After several invocations HERCULES may be inclined to ask of his votary whether it is absolutely necessary that the cart should be so often in the mire. The Local Government Bill would have been as obnoxious as the Succession Duty to a large and respectable class of Mr. GLADSTONE'S adherents; and on some of those whom they represent it would have imposed a far heavier burden than the addition of twopence to the Income-tax. On Mr. W. H. SMITH'S motion every member of the majority might vindicate an unwilling vote on the ground that the Government proposal provided the only means of supplying the deficiency in next year's Estimate. Some kind of a Budget must in any case be adopted, but it was not at all necessary that an objectionable Local Government Bill should be passed. The present state of things is infinitely preferable to the proposed arrangement, nor have any complaints been urged except by the very class on which Mr. GOSCHEN desires to impose fresh taxes. There was a strong, or at least a plausible, case for making personalty liable to local rates; but instead of complying with the request of Sir MASSEY LOPES, the late President of the Poor Law Board left the present exemption untouched, while he gratuitously introduced a troublesome readjustment of the rates on real property. His project was the more unwelcome because it was evidently an instalment of some scheme of additional taxation of land. The elaborate and fallacious statistics contained in his Report point to an aggravation of the existing burdens on land, after the model of Hungary, where, as Mr. GOSCHEN forgot to state, there is nothing but land and agricultural produce to tax. If a French or German financier were to propose an exemption of vineyards from the Land-tax, he might as reasonably defend the anomaly by showing that vines contributed nothing to taxation in England. It is perfectly well known that a fundholder or shareholder of 1,000*l.* a year is practically a much richer man than his neighbour who derives the same nominal income from land; and if the taxation on the two kinds of property is unequal, the irregularity can only be explained or excused by reasons of convenience. It is on the whole not desirable to shift the incidence of local taxation, partly because a district Income-tax would be attended by many difficulties; and also because land and personal investments have been inherited, bought and sold, on the assumption that the present rating system was likely to continue. All readjustments of taxation disturb the practical settlement by which time corrects to a great extent the blunders of financiers. Even the Income-tax, if it lasts long enough, extracts money from the pockets of classes which approve of direct taxation in the belief that they will themselves escape it. Instead of meeting with cogent reasons the complaints of dissatisfied landowners, Mr. GOSCHEN indulged himself in the practical repartee of a large

increase of their liability. The spirit in which he legislates was illustrated by his intemperate speech on Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS'S Amendment to the Budget. Mr. GOSCHEN taunted the landowners with their supposed inconsistency in objecting to the Income-tax, which falls on all kinds of property, while they at the same time complained of the exemption of personalty from rates. Whether he hits high or low, the unreasonable sufferers are equally ready to cry out.

One essential provision of the Bill must almost necessarily have been abandoned even if it had been possible to pass the rest of the measure. After the ignominious failure of the first and second Budgets, and after Mr. STANSFELD'S declaration that indirect taxes can never be re-imposed, the House of Commons would have certainly refused to anticipate the finance arrangements of next year by assenting to the wanton sacrifice of 1,200,000*l.* of annual revenue. Mr. DISRAELI, who expressed the well-founded opinion that a House-tax was a fair impost, vainly endeavoured in 1852 to extend the duty downwards to houses of ten pounds rental. The proposal was eminently just, if only because it would have made taxation coincide with the basis of representation which then existed; but it unluckily formed part of a Budget which was in other respects objectionable; and, still more fatally, it was introduced by a Minister who was in a minority. Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Sir C. WOOD, and Mr. CARDWELL simultaneously assailed the Budget, and in the unequal struggle Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY'S Government succumbed. The Inhabited House Duty as it now stands has never since been questioned or discussed, and it may be regarded as one of the least unpopular of existing taxes. Mr. GOSCHEN proposed to make a present of the proceeds, not to those who contribute the fund, but to the entire body of householders. If a man pays the duty on a house worth 500*l.* a year, he would have had the satisfaction of knowing that in addition to his own rates he was helping to defray the rates of his less wealthy neighbours. Local taxation has, except as to personalty, been hitherto equal in its incidence; but Mr. GOSCHEN, in this as in other cases, went out of his way to create an anomaly. It has now become obvious that the deficiency in the national revenue could only be supplied by a seventh penny in the pound of Income-tax; or that, if the prosperous condition of affairs had filled up the vacancy, the scheme would have postponed or prevented the reduction of the present tax by the same amount. If the House-tax was to be sacrificed, it ought to have been repealed; so that the householders on whom it is imposed might have profited by the change. Mr. GOSCHEN, in moving the first reading of the Bill, expressed his gratitude to the colleague who had promised him so seasonable a benefaction; but Mr. LOWE has not yet explained the motives of his exceptional generosity practised at the public expense. He was perhaps inclined to withdraw, under present circumstances, a boon which was offered when he believed himself to have found a little mine of wealth in lucifer matches, and a supplementary source of revenue in extra Succession Duties. If it was a sin to make the sinful promise of a surrender of the House Duty, it would have been a greater sin to keep the sinful oath now that the whole expense is to be charged on the payers of Income-tax. Three weeks have not passed since Mr. LOWE expatiated on the hardship which he has since inflicted on the contributors to the Income-tax. If he had not become proof against the fascinations of Mr. GOSCHEN, he must have determined to aggravate the injustice which he has already perpetrated. It must be remembered that the residents in 20*l.* houses would for the most part be liable to the additional Income-tax which would inevitably result from Mr. GOSCHEN'S perverse contrivance.

The only part of the abortive Bill which possessed the slightest value consisted in the provisions for simplifying and consolidating the rates, and the improvement might be effected without delay or opposition if it were included in a less ambitious measure. The elaborate machinery which was provided for local administration had the grave defect of excluding the most intelligent classes from all practical share in the management of affairs. In the Report which he caused his faithful majority in last year's Committee to adopt, Mr. GOSCHEN found a reason for rating owners in the expediency of inducing them to take an active part in local business. It was explained at the time that, even if his policy had been otherwise judicious, he was putting the cart before the horse by imposing taxes for the sake of representation; and all persons of practical experience could have told him that, in establishing a separation of interests between landlords and tenants, he was excluding the less numerous body from all share of power. The adjustment of electoral districts in Imperial France, and the analogous process which is known as *jerryandering* in

America, have or had for their purpose and result the creation of local majorities which may overrule all opposition to the authors of the division. When a constituency or an elected body contains two sections with conflicting interests and opinions, the minority may as well abstain from voting. Mr. GOSCHEN proposed to swamp the landowners, not by the arrangement of the constituency, but by ensuring that they should always be outvoted in the Parochial Councils. The Chairmen who were ultimately to form the constituency of the County Boards, and who would be the chief parochial administrators, would always have been elected from among the majority. It must be well understood that their principal function would have been to relieve themselves and their constituents by assessing the landowner as high as possible for his timber and his farm. If the representative of the owners had happened to entertain enlightened views on sanitary arrangements or on education, he would have been powerless to introduce improvements which would probably be unpalatable to the majority. Mr. GOSCHEN has not explained his reasons for abandoning the scale of voting which is now established by law; but in giving equal power to ratepayers, whether large or small, and in insisting on vote by ballot, he diminished as far as possible the influence of wealth and station. A measure has seldom been introduced with so little good by way of compensation for so much of mischief; but it was properly and consistently supported by all the revolutionary theorists who, denying the right of property in land, desire in the meantime to make ownership as disagreeable and expensive as possible.

CHURCH AND STATE.

MR. MIALl has fallen into the not uncommon mistake of regarding an institution as marked for destruction because it does not admit of a complete theoretical justification. If this were true, the existence of Established Churches must have come to an end whenever the several States of Europe ceased to make religious belief a qualification for citizenship. In the middle ages the connexion of the State with religion was as much a matter of course as its connexion with education or the delivery of letters is now. All its citizens professed the same creed and desired the same means of worship. The agreement between them on these points was as complete as on any question of secular administration, and it was, therefore, no less natural to apply the common property to the building of churches and the payment of clergy than to spend it on the maintenance of an army or the construction of bridges. This identity of theological conviction was broken up by the Reformation, but the principle of an Established Church was not affected by the change. The religion of the State was no longer the religion which every one professed, but it was still the religion which every one was bound to profess. To the era of unity had succeeded the era of persecution. By degrees the majority of Governments were driven to recognise the impossibility of controlling religious opinion, and toleration more or less complete became general in Europe. Even this, however, did not upset the theory of Church Establishments. Unity of belief was still maintained in the community, though it had ceased to be insisted on in the territory. Dissenters from the State religion were not citizens; they were only a body of aliens permitted to live in the country and to worship God in their own way, but having no more right to political privileges than if they had been aliens in blood as well as in creed. Down to this point the argument in behalf of an Established Church remained unassailable. It was still an application of public property to an object desired by all the citizens. Mr. MIALl sees that this state of things exists no longer, and he at once draws the inference that, because the position of the Established Church has ceased to be unassailable, it has therefore become indefensible. Before Mr. GLADSTONE's ingenious gloss he might even have supposed that this opinion was shared by the HOME SECRETARY. At least the question put by Mr. BRUCE to the House of Commons—"whether they were prepared to pass a resolution "which would bind them at once to legislate on the subject"—is curiously like the formula used for prefacing an assurance that the Government hope to take a subject up in the course of the Session after next. The drift of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was in direct opposition to any such inference, and we are therefore dispensed from the necessity of searching more deeply for Mr. BRUCE's meaning. The real defence of the Established Church consists in three things—that it secures a great variety of useful objects; that in practice it gives offence

to no one; and that, though in so far as it involves the application of the funds of the State to purposes as to which all the QUEEN's subjects are not agreed, it cannot make out an unimpeachable case, it yet does this in no greater degree than some other institutions which are generally admitted to be necessary adjuncts of every Government.

Upon the first of these points there is no need to dwell. That the Established Church does much good was not denied by any speaker in Tuesday's debate. Even the alleged tendency of establishments to deaden religious enthusiasm is from a secular point of view by no means an unmixed evil. It tends to maintain the influence of religion over a large class of persons who, if the control of every denomination were exclusively in the hands of ardent partisans, would insensibly drift into an attitude of complete abstention. Something of this kind seems to be visible in the United States, where the religious organization of the country may be described as a series of adjacent circles, each providing for the wants of its own members, but none so much as touching those who lie outside its circumference. If the composition of a public meeting called to promote some general Church object, such as the building of churches or the foundation of schools, be compared with a meeting of the English Church Union or the Church Association, the germs of the same distinction may be seen at home. On none of these occasions is there any difficulty in getting a good attendance, but in the two latter cases the feeling of those present will be zeal for the promotion of interests of the particular section of the Church to which they belong, while in the former case it will be the far colder sentiment of men who accept the object for which they are called together rather as one among the duties of their station than as the main object of their lives. It is not too much to say that the co-operation of men of this class in a variety of religious enterprises is in part due to the moderate and, so to say, secular character which naturally belongs to a State Church. The result of disestablishment would probably be to throw those undertakings which now supply a sort of neutral ground on which the adherents of all the great parties in the Church of England can work with those who belong to none of them, into the same hands that now guide the party organizations to which we have referred. But the bulk of those who support them would not thereupon become pronounced High or Low Churchmen. They would simply cease to take any part in such matters. It may be argued, no doubt, that religion would gain in intensity as much as it would lose in extension, but we question whether this would prove true except in a partisan sense. The influence of this or that combination of Churchmen might, and probably would, increase, but this would be quite compatible with a very decided diminution in the religious influence of the Church generally. Of course, if the advantages derived from an Established Church were purchased at the cost of injustice or injury to any section of the community, the case would be different. But the absence of any practical grievance on the part of Dissenters is beyond the possibility of denial. The only charge of this kind that can be brought against the Church of England is that its existence as an Establishment ministers to social inequality. This is surely an example of the fallacy *cum hoc ergo propter hoc*. Social distinctions are strongly marked in England, and as a matter of fact the division between the upper and middle classes coincides in the roughest and most general manner possible with the line between Churchmen and Dissenters. But to suppose that the erasure of the latter line would necessarily lead to the erasure of the former is to arrive by an illogical process at a false conclusion. It would be about as true to say that because the upper classes are mostly to be found in the country, and the middle classes mostly in town, social inequality would be abolished by a law allowing none of the former to live beyond the walls of a city. If it is urged that the obligation to contribute towards an institution in which you have neither part nor lot is itself a grievance, we can only answer that the Quakers have just as much right to complain of any portion of the taxes paid by them going towards the support of the army and navy. In almost all communities there will be a minority which objects to some of the objects to which the funds of the State are devoted; but so long as it continues a minority, it must be content with doing its best to convert the majority to its views. To give every minority a veto upon any part of the public expenditure would be to make it as powerful as the majority itself.

It would be well if Mr. GLADSTONE's warning against the efforts lately made and now making to enforce usages or opinions by means of judicial sentences were laid to heart

by the Church Association. If the prosecutors of Mr. PURCHAS and Mr. BENNETT prefer Protestant simplicity in doctrine and ritual to the existence of the Established Church, we have nothing to say against their choice. But we are justified in asking them, when questions of this magnitude are at stake, to look before they leap. The Church of England can survive a hundred such motions as Mr. MIALLE's better than one serious attempt to enforce universal submission to the decision of the Judicial Committee in the PURCHAS case. We do not question the power of the Church Association to achieve this purpose if they are so minded. We do not deny their right to labour for it if they are so minded. But we protest against having the Church Establishment pulled down about our ears under the plea of repairing and beautifying it. The Church of England, like other old houses, may last for generations if it is let alone; the one thing it will not stand is an inroad of amateur builders. If the Church Association wish to play into Mr. MIALLE's hands, they have only to go on as they have begun.

A PLEA FOR DECENCY.

THE hypocrite in the play declined even to look at the maid while he assailed the virtue of the mistress. When we hear TARTUFFE requiring a little modesty of speech, we are reminded of the *Daily Telegraph* exhorting its brethren of the press to exercise discretion in their reports of a pending trial. To tempt a friend's wife to infidelity in the name of Heaven was not a greater crime than pandering to a vitiated public taste under pretence of assisting the course of justice. To borrow the *Daily Telegraph's* own words, "In such a case as the present plain speaking is essential," and therefore we do not hesitate to say that it holds above its competitors in indecency the same preeminence which was gained by the professor of ascetic religion among the vulgar herd of adulterers who do not pretend to have emancipated themselves from the control of passion. The conductors of that journal felt, or desire us to believe that they felt, considerable reluctance to enter upon the course which they are energetically pursuing. "The largest circulation in the world" might easily be made larger by investing heavily in pruriency, but it was feared whether a proceeding manifestly profitable might not nevertheless be mischievous. Happily, however, it became manifest on more mature deliberation that private interest and public duty both pointed in the same direction. As TARTUFFE was enabled to see that what he had mistaken for a temptation from Hell was really a revelation of the will of Heaven, so the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, by a fortunate inspiration, discovered that they were not only permitted but required to publish abominable indecencies, for the elucidation of truth and the advancement of the sacred cause of justice. The money which in the discharge of duty they could not avoid pocketing would have no unpleasant odour, but would even exhale a delicate perfume. They might indeed borrow from the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER a scrap of Latin for which he has no further use. *Ex luce lucellum* might be understood to mean that, while lighting Justice on her path, they expected to sell more copies than ever of their newspaper.

In order to avoid any suspicion of exaggeration we will quote the very words in which the *Daily Telegraph* announced to its readers the purpose which it has abundantly fulfilled. An article appeared on Tuesday last by way of preface to the reports which have been published on each succeeding day. It begins by stating that a *cause célèbre* stood for trial that morning. "To-day will commence an investigation which is certain to be watched throughout its whole course with great public interest." Here the obvious implication is that the country will expect its newspapers to do their duty, and that one of them will not be wanting. "It would be idle to ignore the fact that," on a certain day last summer, "most persons imagined that we had heard the last of this very painful inquiry." It is doubtless very painful to the *Daily Telegraph* that the inquiry should proceed, inexpressibly agonizing to be compelled to report in full its daily progress, and thoroughly excruciating to contemplate the pecuniary results of a largely augmented sale of newspapers during the pendency of the investigation. After noticing some opinions and expectations which it supposes the public to entertain, the journal proceeds to declare its own belief that "the morbid cravings of scandal-mongers will be sadly disappointed" by the course of the proceedings which will on that day commence. We can only say that, if the "morbid cravings" either of newspapers or their readers, after scandal or any other kind of loathsome food, are not appeased by the end of the present week, they

must be as insatiable and indiscriminating as the maw of Death. But there is, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, a special reason for giving full publicity to the pending trial. "In order that an unfounded and mischievous delusion may be dispelled," it is necessary, says this journal, to resist any "ill-judged demand" which may be raised for hearing the case with closed doors. For our part we make no such demand. We are quite willing that the doors of the Court should be open, and we desire only that the notebooks of the reporters who attend it should be closed. Except that increase of depraved appetite grows by what it feeds on, there is not, and there never has been, any reason for treating this case differently from other cases which habitually occur in criminal Courts. That common form of newspaper reporting, "The details of the evidence were unfit for publication," might properly have been applied on this occasion. But the special reason alleged for deviating from the wholesome practice which usually prevails is that a person reported to be dead is believed by some persons to be alive. As the *Daily Telegraph* informs these persons that their belief is unfounded, let us hope that they will be guided by their instructors, who are evidently "persons acquainted with the real facts," and will not persist in their delusion. But suppose that A., B., C., and D. have been charged before magistrates with an offence, and committed for trial and liberated on bail, and that before the day of trial D. has died, or at least has been reported on credible evidence to have died. Suppose also that it occurs to some person to suspect that D. is not really dead, but has been allowed by connivance of the police to escape from the trial which awaits A., B., and C. It is obvious that this trial cannot decide the question whether D. is alive or dead. Even the question whether D. was or was not guilty of the charge ought as far as possible to be excluded from the consideration of the jury, although when they hear evidence having reference to A., B., and C. it is hardly possible that they should not form an opinion as to its bearing upon the case of D. supposed to be deceased. But if the evidence given in Court affords no satisfactory answer to a particular question, it would seem that not even the reporters of the *Daily Telegraph* with the help of the leader-writers could carry the discussion to any definite result. Yet upon this pretext has "the largest circulation in the world" been given to the most offensive and mischievous report that the world has seen. An ordinary criminal case of the class which is usually left unreported would not be more offensive, and would be far less mischievous, than this which the *Daily Telegraph* has determined to report at length, in order, as it says, to dispel an unfounded and injurious delusion.

We have dwelt upon this question as to the reality of a reported death in order to show that the conductors of the *Daily Telegraph* could not be quite easy without attempting to persuade themselves, even if they could not hope to persuade anybody else, that there were some special circumstances which might excuse the monstrous outrage on propriety which they were purposing to commit when they published the article to which we have above referred. But we are certain that that article could deceive no reader, and we do not believe that the writer of it could deceive himself. We at least are satisfied that all the pretended anxiety of the *Daily Telegraph* for the advancement of justice is, to use a plain word, fudge; and that the columns of that newspaper have been filled as they have been during the present week because its managers know well that the filthy commodity which they offer to the public will find many and eager purchasers. We observe that the *Morning Advertiser*, while attempting to apologise for doing its own share of business in dirty goods, publishes an advertisement of a notorious so-called Anatomical Museum. Now if the managers of the *Daily Telegraph* can guess the motive by which visitors are attracted to this pretended Museum, they will be able to understand how it is that their reports of the pending trial are widely read. We have heard that the person bearing the well-known name associated with this Museum, represents himself as an elucidator of anatomy and physiology. The persons managing the *Daily Telegraph* represent themselves as guardians of the uprightness of the administration of justice in criminal Courts. We believe that both representations are equally ill-founded, and that neither of them deceives either those who make it or anybody else. But if the Anatomical Museum man should complain of our classing him with the managers of the *Daily Telegraph*, we are not sure that he would not be entitled to an apology. He, at any rate, only pretends to be promoting science, and has not yet attained to the more audacious impudence of announcing himself in the character

of a guardian of national morality. If he is not more honest than rival traffickers in obscenity, he is less mischievous.

That wonderful journal has surpassed itself in brazen effrontery—and that is difficult—in the passage where it expresses its hope that the presiding Judge would urge upon the press “the necessity of exercising the utmost discretion in the published accounts of the case.” We cannot help recalling TARTUFE’s injunction to his valet to pray for heavenly guidance at the moment when he begins his own assault on ELMIRE’s virtue. The journal has obtained its own reluctant acquiescence in the necessity of publishing much matter “which in itself had better be kept out of the columns of newspapers read by women and children.” But it has made up its mind that neither for the vindication of the ways of British justice to the British public, nor even for the correction of a “dissolute and luxurious age” prone to offences against decency and morality,” will it be carried beyond the point which it has fixed in its own view beforehand. Correspondence of any quantity and quality it will publish *in extenso*, but medical evidence it will inexorably suppress. We have heard of a man who had a great reverence for Sunday, so he laid aside his trade of basket-making on that day and worked hard at mending watches. He felt like the conductors of the *Daily Telegraph*, that he must draw a moral line and keep to it.

The contemporaries of the *Daily Telegraph*, whom it supposed to need the admonition of a Judge, have all sinned in the same direction to a less extent. But although they are sinners, they are not also hypocrites. The *Morning Advertiser* puts forward the miserable plea that it wishes to be clean, but cannot afford singularity in cleanliness. This is sufficiently contemptible; but it is better to say outright that a newspaper must be made to pay, instead of pretending to act upon pure principles while watching the market of impurity with a determination to be foremost in it.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF PARIS.

THE coming fate of the Commune is to be read as plainly in the outpourings of its friends in the press as in the course of the daily telegrams, which none are so blind as any longer to misinterpret. Writers who were before uncertain on which side to prophesy now pen bitter curses on the men who have so long abused the patience of Paris, whilst those who still cherish undisguised leanings to the revolutionary side, even when the Revolution has attacked a Republican Government, can find little more to say in defence of their favourite party than is summed up in abuse of M. THIERS. We are not here concerned with the past history or the present politics of that versatile statesman; but it is within our sphere to point out that his conduct of the military affairs which have fallen under his supervision since the events of the 18th of March plunged France into civil war is by no means worthy of the censure it has received. To write of passing events from the standpoint of a Correspondent who has to dwell in one of the threatened outskirts of Paris in hourly fear of his life is one thing; to act in such a period of civil strife with the mingled force and judgment due from a ruler who holds the future destinies of France in his hands, is quite another. For to act firmly and vigorously for a specific end—the reunion of his distracted country—was the duty of M. THIERS, and in a military sense he has nothing to be ashamed of. In this sense too it is impossible to admit that those are in the right who declare that he should have met the Communists half-way, and offered them the virtual political independence which they claimed for Paris; since the details of this new system would of necessity have to be worked out under the tutelage of the Montmartre battalions, who have hitherto not shown any signs of hesitancy as to using the weapons they claim the right to retain against the persons of the Party of Order. It may be easy at a distance to offer pacific counsels in such a terrible juncture; but it is scarcely to be expected that any person or body holding the administration of France would consent to terms which would leave the more respectable part of the population of the capital at the mercy of the armed Clubbists who practically constitute its garrison. To betray, by the proposed concession, the whole interests of the orderly Parisians to those who are the armed enemies of order, would hardly be to put the THIERS Administration in the right with the rest of France, or with the world outside it.

Looking strictly at the military situation, which is our special subject, the present policy of M. THIERS in the Civil

War is very fairly defined in his proclamation of Monday last. Left at first with an armed force far inferior in numbers to the Communist battalions, and disheartened by the failure of the 18th March, it was necessary for his Government, as we have previously shown, to abandon all offensive efforts for an attitude of resistance and watchfulness. But from the time that the Commune, pressed on by the more ardent of its supporters, resolved on the offensive, and that the fidelity of Mont Valérien, aided by the better discipline of the Versailles troops, dissipated the first danger of an insurgent city triumphing over the representatives of France, the military conduct of matters on the side of Versailles has shown far less of weakness and uncertainty than might have been expected in such trying circumstances. On the contrary, the general outline first laid down has been fairly adhered to, and the means taken in detail have been such for the most part as a deliberate review amply justifies.

To carry out the strife to a successful end, it was necessary to hold the Government troops well together, and for this purpose, above all, to give them a chief in whom French soldiers should have real confidence. Marshal MACMAHON, whose very misfortunes seem to have endeared him the more to the army of which he was the chosen favourite, was forthwith invested with the supreme command. It was further needful, before attempting decisive operations, to collect such a force as should ensure superiority over the numerous battalions which TROCHU, for order’s sake rather than in hopes of really using them, had raised from among the disorderly *prolétaires*. A great army has been collected accordingly by exertions, which must needs have been vast to be at all effective under the unheard-of difficulties that beset the Administration; and it appears to be as superior in numbers as in material and morale to the levies of the insurrection. Finally it was necessary to develop an attack which should thoroughly command admission into the city without reducing the latter to general despair by useless bombardment, although without sparing the exterior defences. This, too, had to be carried on without interfering with the Prussian posts on the north and east of the capital. And this is just what has been done, as any one may judge for himself who traces the progress of the attack in our last two numbers, and compares it with the events of more recent date which we have now to record.

No doubt, as M. THIERS’ proclamation fairly states, the Versailles Administration had hoped for more moral advantage from their successes outside the enceinte than they have hitherto gained. But the successes are not the less really won; and not the less surely do they point to what M. THIERS declares to be the painful necessity which he had hoped to avert, the successful attack of the enceinte at one or more important points. The shells which have fallen in the inner parts of the city are simply the effects of bad aim on the part of the artillerists in their efforts to destroy the buildings which would frustrate this vital object.

We left the besiegers directing their main efforts on Fort Issy, and lodged both to the east and west of it within easy musketry distance, whilst its fire was completely overpowered. ROSSEL succeeded for a time in reoccupying the work itself; but his chosen commandant, DUMONT, a man selected for his superior energy, could obtain no obedience from the officers placed under him. These worthies refused, as we gather from ROSSEL’s official letter of resignation to the Commune, to be sacrificed for the advantage of their fellow-patriots, and drove away their new commander with threats; so that on the morning of Tuesday the fort was fairly captured and occupied by the Versailles troops, the garrison, or such part of it as had remained in the casemates, having escaped either into Vanves, or along the road through the village of Issy before the besiegers got command of it by capturing the adjacent buildings a few hours later. Divided as the counsels of the defenders now are—ROSSEL resigning rather than be driven to the extremity, which he declares to be his only remaining resource, of shooting all the principal officers below him; the Commune disavowing its favourite creation, the Committee of Public Safety, and forming other and new Committees, which in turn are disavowed by the rival Central Committee that claims the first allegiance of the National Guards; the Communist press crying out for the extinction of all former powers, and the formation of a simple supreme Triumvirate composed of its chief favourites—it is not surprising that nothing has been practically done towards attempting the recovery of the fort.

Nor is there any cause for astonishment when we learn from M. THIERS’ official statement that the attack on the Boulogne side, already pointed at in our former numbers, is at last being seriously carried on, though purposely in such a methodical manner as to give time for the defenders to feel the hopeless-

ness of further resistance. The southern end of the Bois is that selected for this operation, which would have been totally impossible in the form in which it has been executed had Fort Issy retained any defensive power. On Monday night, before that fort was taken, but after it was ascertained to be in a perfectly harmless condition as against the besiegers, General DOUAY, who has apparently received a command under his old chief, threw part of his corps across the Seine near Forts Montretout and Sèvres, so as to approach the sharp south-west angle of the enceinte, which lies facing the village of Boulogne, and encloses the suburb of Point du Jour, where the Seine parts from the city. As a feint and to cover the sound of the tools, ground was broken under cover of a hot skirmishing fire which caused the Communists to prepare for an assault, and waste their powder freely on the darkness. Meanwhile, six hours of ordinary engineering labour completely established DOUAY's parallel across, within five hundred yards of the enceinte, its left resting on the village of Boulogne (which itself forms a strong post, and is commanded by the batteries about Valérien), and the right running to the Seine opposite Fort Issy. The lodgment of the Versailles troops in this formidable position had been preluded by the erection of a line of heavy batteries about Montretout, which have ruined the defences of the threatened bastions of this exposed corner of the enceinte, and have at the same time raked those of the south side far beyond, behind Forts Issy and Vanves. The latter work, according to Paris reports, was expected soon to succumb to the same fate as its neighbour, which, as M. THIERS states, with a not unfair touch of exultation, fell in eight days after the serious advances upon it were once actually begun. The profile of the enceinte, it should be remembered, is by no means as formidable as that of these forts. The insurgent forces, no doubt by ROSSEL's inspiration, were reported on the 8th as busy in arming the threatened corner of the enceinte with new batteries; but the telegraphic accounts which have reached us in abundance of the effect of the attacking fire from the powerful works of the besiegers above mentioned on the Montretout side, leave not a doubt that the defenders were completely overpowered by the cannonade of the latter on Tuesday; and on Wednesday it is admitted that they were unable to reply at all except from the gunboats with which they aid their defence at the threatened point. Fort Montrouge is now seriously embraced by the attack. It is inevitable that shells from the latter should do great damage to those suburbs of Paris which lie near the threatened points, as Auteuil and Vaugirard, which with Point du Jour for their apex mark the south-west angle of the enceinte on all the maps; but it is only in case of a prolonged resistance behind barricades that there is any reason to fear for the better known portions of the city. And we have already given our reasons for believing that such resistance will prove more vain than the boastfulness of the defenders would imply, even should the Party of Order, so often invoked in vain, still hold aloof from the contest, and the daily melting forces of the Commune still obey their ever-changing commanders.

CHANGE.

THE word "change" sounds upon human ears as a chime or a knell mainly according to the temperament of the hearer. No experience of ill-fortune or sad vicissitude makes it unwelcome to the sanguine; no right to hail it as remission from present evil renders it acceptable to the melancholic. We speak of course of cases where change is a personal matter affecting men through their interests or affections; for, merely as the term for the world's movement, we take it easily enough. Whatever the temper of our nerves, it is indeed an idea essential to all alike as the quickener of existence. Thus gossip means change, newspapers mean change, politics fight over it, history chronicles it, romance exists through its extremes. Nature engages and charms us through her endless changes. Apart from our immediate participation, change cannot be too wholesale and tremendous for pleasurable excitement and the entertainment of our sympathies. Reverses of the most poignant character adapt themselves impartially to the tone of tragedy or farce, joke or earnest; whether passionate poetry tolls the knell of Darius' greatness—

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,

or comedy admits us to the musings of Beau Clunker in adversity—

How severe and melancholy are Newgate reflections! Last week my father died; yesterday I turned beau; to-day I am laid by the heels, and to-morrow shall be hung by the neck. I was agreeing with a bookseller about printing an account of my journey through France and Italy, but now the history of my travels must be through Holborn to Tyburn. 'The last dying speech of Beau Clunker that was going to the Jubilee. Come, a halfpenny a-piece.' A sad sound; a sad sound, faith! 'Tis one way to have a man's death make a great noise in the world!

So long as the nervous system is not touched we can stand any-

thing. While we are supposing ourselves to be overwhelmed by the sorrow and pathos of great changes, an undercurrent of curiosity finds a congenial delight in scrutinizing the bearing of our kind under the startling and unexpected—the shocks of outrageous fortune. We are made so. It is no use abusing or denouncing mankind for these imperfect sympathies. Our heart is no doubt sore under the spectacle of huge national reverses; but we are angry if our *Times* fails us, through some enormity of post or messenger, when the crisis nears, and change the most fundamental wrecks its worst upon our neighbours. In fact we miss a pleasure, though this is not the way we put it to ourselves. The more terrible the reverse, the more essential it is to our satisfaction and self-respect that we should embrace the whole situation.

There are of course conditions of life which, apart from differences of organization, dispose men to welcome or recoil from the abstract idea of change. Where people live in expectation, and amuse themselves with prospects of promotion, preferment, succession, marriage, or the like, change wears habitually a smiling mien; while the lord of hereditary acres hates it, and on his wife it looms with a twofold dread. "Men who possess all the advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them"; when such men have passed the period of youth, change of any sort and from anywhere assumes a threatening aspect. The apprehension of change is the scourge of some too easy lives. The more people there are who could reasonably suppose themselves benefited by change on a large, wholesale scale, the greater is the risk to society. Experience also is a natural enemy to change. Youth starts by liking it, and defines it instinctively as change for the better, as improvement; but after a succession of failures people acquire a stolid content with the present, through the double consideration that things might be worse, and that changes are generally disappointing. Change in the abstract has still a charm for them, but the right sort of change rarely comes in their way. The new man is generally a falling-off from his predecessor. Age, as being more the creature of habit, is growingly averse to change. It does not know what to make of new circumstances. A palace would be to the octogenarian a poor exchange for the familiar chimney corner:—

Sequestering from him all

That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition

Made tame and most familiar to his nature;

and landing him in the scene of raw, uncomfortable novelty,

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.

Especially where the memory of youth is gilded with success is age querulous towards change, not from any inherent antipathy, but as it ushers in decay of influence; forcing on the man the perception that his time is over. Thus Horace Walpole declaims against the late hours coming into fashion in his old age. "I have outlived all my acquaintance," he tells a correspondent, "or the remainder are grown too young again to be in their own houses, unless they expect half the town, and that at midnight. I came into the world when there were such seasons as *afternoon* and *evening*, but the breed is lost! and if any of them did exist they would be of no more use than an old almanack." Certainly, when life fairly turns the hill, changes are likely to find us ill prepared; so the joints of the will stiffen against them.

But, apart from all circumstances and conditions, there are lovers and haters of change. There are persons whose life is a warding-off of change, as such. Not that they are dead to the inconveniences of the present; on the contrary, these occupy an undue share of their thoughts, and are their constant theme; but for this very reason, perhaps, any hint or threatening of a new state of things comes to them as a disturbance. They are losing what is familiar, and even a grumble or a grievance, because they are used to it, possesses a certain homely attraction. The mere thought of change is like putting off a warm garment and exposing oneself to the cold. Change always upsets something; some snugness is inevitably disturbed; and immediate loss or inconvenience is more present to them than subsequent possible benefits. Their fancy cowers under the cloud. For them the east wind loses none of its cold dreariness because it is a precursor of summer. These are the people to whom habit is everything, whose affections nestle in the familiar, and with whom comfort is the *summum bonum*. Comfort of the heart we mean—we do not speak of mere bodily ease. Charles Lamb was such a one. The future was no field for his longings; to keep what he had got, to arrest the wings of time, was his ideal of felicity. Change, even for good, acts on these natures very like a shower of cold, damp fuel upon the glowing embers we hang over. A chill supervenes which they have not sprightliness of imagination to see the end of. The abrupt avalanche puts an end to something comfortable; the gossip is cut short, the train of retrospection rudely interrupted, the snug session is over. An hour hence there may be heat and blaze, but the preliminary dispersion is all the same an outrage.

The homes which are under such influences make a firm resistance to encroachment. Time is not even marked by the transfer from the blue bed to the brown. The furniture, the dishes, keep their places under a weight of tradition. Any member inclining to innovation is snubbed by the most plainspoken protests. The ladies never look quite like other people, because, if they followed the lead of fashion, they would be convicted of not looking like themselves. Thus they gradually stiffen into eccentricities or dowdiness of attire. The dread of change in the domestic sphere grows with this fixity till the loss of an old servant is a calamity incalculable, to be warded off by any amount of concession and endurance.

For, carried to its extreme, it does sadly narrow the range and warp the play of the affections. The ministration of servants representing at once physical ease and the even tenor of life—routine, which is the reverse of change—any subversion in this quarter strikes inward, and is vital. The mere apprehension of it is a haunting fear to minds rendered abject by the absence of large interests; the rather that the views and motives of the servants' hall may be tremblingly speculated upon in the drawing-room, but can never be guided or fully known. In this matter we all live over a mine which may explode at any time, on the treasure of a factotum giving warning. What some women will put up with to avert the loss of an insolent maid whom they have been long used to is a psychological problem. We must suppose that all change in so close and intimate a relation is in such temperaments associated in some hidden way with the idea of death. The Abigail is felt to be part of this mortal coil which it costs such a wrench to shuffle off. In fact, change suggests thoughts allied to life or death according as people view it.

But the lovers of change are the majority. Even a peevish contentment with things as they are, and unwillingness to substitute the new and untried for them, implies a strength of clinging attachment with which comparatively few are endowed. Most people look on the bright side of change—a propensity of human nature which we regard as providential; for, considering how few persons are better fitted for an unknown place or task than for that with which they are familiar, and yet that change must come, some illusion, some disguise, is necessary as a reconciler, and to set them fairly forward in the new path. Men like or dislike change on a large scale according to the figure they expect to make in a new scene. All persons who feel in themselves vague, unemployed capabilities—and they are a great many—like change. All vigorous natures have this amount of ambition. Something in their present circumstances stands in the way of what they ought to be and to do. Something of failure hangs about everybody's present. It is exhilarating to try again under altered conditions, to leave mistakes behind, and begin on untried ground. So change, unless it bears misfortune on the face of it, is an opening, a break, a fresh start, with experience for backer. We naturally expect that our qualities will tell with more effect on new people, that hindrances which impede us now will disappear; at any rate we get rid of the old hindrances by rising above, or by moving away from them. Sentiment and affection are not less vivid in characters of this sanguine class, but hope and expectation have their triumphant hour. While the first excitement lasts what a vista of power does a brilliant change of circumstances open to the optimist! what changes, what root-and-branch reformations, may it not be the parent of, on a scale scarcely less gigantic than those which Le Sage propounded for Holland, "which would be a good country to live in if you could change the four elements and the people."

All this is a cheerful, sanguine acceptance of change when it comes. In a smaller scene the lover of change is not content with welcoming it when it greets him; he plans to achieve it. Not that he need be changeable, which implies a change of object: if he is restless, it is in carrying out a programme. Nothing about him indeed is stationary; quietness is stagnation—repose decay. But he tends towards the same end. Under the guidance of sense and reason it is a healthy life-spreading impulse, though harassing to weaker natures. "I make it a rule," said Sydney Smith, "to endure no evil that can be remedied." What an appetite for change may not such a rule create! for everything in this world that is not new may be proved to be in need of renovation or subject to be cashiered for a more eligible substitute. This is, however, a cheerful humour, even though carried to a weakness. It keeps life in all one's surroundings. There is, however, a passion which acts upon all subject to it as a hurricane—that longing for change which comes of disappointment, aggravated by the experience that everything short of uprooting leaves things much the same, and the heart just as unsatisfied. Such men will throw over prospects, house, and home for a chimera, because it is a chimera; will change and make a new start with no point of stability in prospect—with no other justification for their precipitancy than the fact that men of exceptional power and genius have sometimes proved the wisdom of not leaving even well alone, so long as they were conscious of capacities unemployed and a goal to be reached offering a scope for their fullest development.

PROFESSOR MUNRO ON LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

PROFESSOR MUNRO has relieved us not a little. We had so earnestly committed ourselves to the cause of *Kikero* that we began to quake in our shoes when we found that Professor Max Müller went against us. It was a comfort, then, when the Cambridge Professor came to the rescue and maintained, not only that *Kikero* was right, but that he saw nothing to be said against the sound of it, and that to his ear it was more pleasing than *Tchikero*. We believe that this particular example has always been pitched upon from a wish to suggest a ludicrous connexion between *Kikero* and the English verb to *kick*. Such a process is not argument, and it is open to a retort. Miss Yonge tells us that many dogs have been called *Cæsar* under the notion—no bad one perhaps in the case of the great Dictator—that it is a fitting name for a seizer or one who seizeth. Instead of *Seizer*, say, with Mr. Munro, *Kayser*, and this error at least will be got rid of. Certainly, taking the

whole run of Latin words, we are not at all clear that the introduction of the hard sound will do any despite to euphony. At any rate it will get rid of a great mass of ambiguities—*cædes* and *sedes*, *Cyrrus* and *Syrrus*, and the like. Indeed we have before now known people get confused between the native land of St. Paul and the first conquest of Frederick the Great, and no wonder, when we pronounce *Kithkia* so as to be so very like *Silesia*. But the real question is not a question of euphony or of ambiguity, but the simple question which is right. Here, where we were beginning to tremble when we saw Mr. Max Müller on the other side, Mr. Munro came most opportunely to our help. He came first in the shape of a small pamphlet for private circulation, which before long got into public circulation, and came to us, like other things, in the way of business. This led to what we may venture to call a free fight in the grave pages of the *Academy*, in which Mr. Munro stands as the centre of a crowd of eminent disputants. There is his own all but namesake, Mr. D. B. Monro of Oriel; there is Professor Robinson Ellis, editor of *Catullus*, and Mr. A. J. Ellis, the great master of phonetics; Mr. J. Rhys comes from the west side of the island to show what light Bret-Welsh pronunciation throws upon Latin, and from the east Dean Merivale, before the struggle had reached its warmest, contributed a few pages to the *Contemporary Review*. In the *Month* also—which, by the way, is now no more monthly than the *Fortnightly Review* is fortnightly—there appears a disputant, Mr. R. F. Clarke, who is several degrees more reasonable than our late Roman Catholic antagonist Mr. Oakeley. Among these many disputants we rejoice to see that *Kikero* has many friends. There are indeed those who doubt whether it is in any case worth while innovating at all. But the only personal enemy of *Kikero*—it would be irreverent to say the only Clodius—is the Dean of Ely, and his paper was written before Mr. Munro and Mr. Müller had written, or at least before he had himself read them. "I should," he adds, "hardly have ventured to mingle in the discussion, had I known that it had been taken up by our acknowledged leaders in philology." Mr. Müller's strongest argument for the soft sound of *c*, one put forth also by Dean Merivale, was that from about 200 A.D. the syllables *ti* and *ci* began to be confounded, as it is well known that they were hopelessly confounded some centuries later. This, Mr. Müller argues, could not have happened if *ci* had been sounded *ki*. Mr. Munro first traverses the fact, questioning the accuracy of the readings, and doubts the general confusion of the two syllables. He then brings other instances in which *t* and *c* are confounded, as "tumulus" and "cumulus" in which the confusion can have nothing to do with any softening of either *t* or *c*. Mr. Müller had also argued that the fact that Greek *κ* invariably answered to Latin *c* did not necessarily prove that the two had in all cases the same sound. *κ* might on the whole have best answered to the Latin *c*, without implying that the Latin *c* was invariably hard. Mr. Munro answers by commenting on the special pains which the Latins evidently took to express the minutest shades of Greek pronunciation; how the rough approximations of an earlier stage, *Teses*, *Saguntum*, and the like, were exchanged for the more accurate *Theseus* and *Zacynthus*, at the expense of introducing combinations and even letters unknown to the Latin language. Would they then, Mr. Munro argues, have expressed Greek *κ* by a letter which sometimes had the sound of Greek *κ*, but which was at other times sounded like *s*, *th*, *ts*, *sch*, or whatever we may hold the softened sound of *c* to have been? Let us add another illustration. We have before now referred to those curious passages in Liudprand where he expresses Greek sentences in Roman letters, giving them the modern Romance pronunciation, and very often misspelling the Greek words, but always so misspelling them as to keep the same sound according to the Romance pronunciation. In his age, the tenth century, the *c* was undoubtedly softened, and *ti* and *ci* were so hopelessly confounded that *Frantia* could be written for *Francia*. Now Liudprand expresses Greek *κ* by two Latin letters. When the *c* would be hard, he uses it, as *acusas*, *icos*, for *ἀκούσας*, *ἰκος*; but when the *c* would be soft, he uses *k*, as *ke*, *kenodoxia* for *καί*, *κενοδοξία*. If the Bishop of Cremona in the tenth century took such pains to discriminate and accurately to express the Greek sounds, can we believe that the learned and careful grammarians of the classical era of Rome, the great inventor of the ablative case among them, would have taken less pains? In a dispute of this kind between two such scholars as Mr. Müller and Mr. Munro, we are very glad of the company of either. We put forth our own little dogma, and we found ourselves opposed to Mr. Müller. We were therefore very glad to have the support of Mr. Munro. If things had been the other way, if we had found ourselves opposed to Mr. Munro, we should have been equally glad to have the support of Mr. Müller.

About *v* and *w* the fight is somewhat fiercer. Mr. Robinson Ellis does not like the sound of *w*, which is a special favourite with Mr. Munro. Mr. A. J. Ellis brings the whole science of phonetics to bear upon the matter, but we must confess that we are inclined to say with Mr. Munro, "On much of what he there says I would not presume to offer an opinion, far less any criticism." But Mr. Roby and Mr. Nettlehip come powerfully to the help of Mr. Munro, and Mr. Rhys brings facts from an unexpected quarter, which chime in delightfully with some of Mr. Munro's own arguments. Mr. Munro had started the line of thought suggested by the practice of the Romance Languages to substitute *gu* alike for the Latin *v* and the Teutonic *w*, as, for instance, *vastare*, *vician*, *guasteir*. Mr. Rhys reminds us that the Bret-Welsh, no less than the Gal-Welsh, and the Rum-Welsh, represents Latin *v* and Teu-

tonic *w* by *gw*, as *gwener* = *vener-is*, *gwenwyn* = *venenum*, *gwain* = *vagina*, *gwawl* = *vallum*," and we may add that while *Gwent* answers to *Venta*, *Willelmus Bastardus* appears as *Gwiliam eastard*. But in Latin words which the Welsh has taken, not directly from Latin but through later English after the *v* sound had been established in English, the *v* is expressed in quite another way, namely by *m* or *b*, according to the Welsh rules for changing the initial consonant. Thus *villain* becomes *milain*, and *verb* is *berf*. And Mr. Munro himself fights manfully for the *w* sound against Mr. R. Ellis, as he fights manfully for the *k* sound of *c* against Dean Merivale. To our mind the truth of the Munro doctrine seems to follow almost necessarily from the admission, which everybody seems to make, that the consonant *i*, *j* as we choose to write it, ought to have the sound of English *y* or German *j*. Here again is a point on which we are glad to be strengthened by Mr. Munro. The Greek use of *ov* to express the sound seems to put the matter beyond doubt, to say nothing of the analogy between the two vowels which thus in some measure become consonants. The change of the *w* sound into *v* is nothing wonderful, as exactly the same has happened in most of the Teutonic languages, and the sound of Latin *j* has been changed in most modern languages, though not everywhere changed in the same way. And Mr. Munro goes on very fairly to twit our inconsistent pronunciation of words with the *ei*, or rather, as it would seem, *ei*, *eius*, *Pompeius*, and the like. We all say *eedzhus*, but nobody says *Pompeedzhus*. And when it comes to different forms of the same word, as *Seius* the father, and *Seianus* or *Sejanus* the son, the inconsistency becomes more glaring still.

How *eu* in Greek words adopted in Latin should be sounded Mr. Munro declines to decide. "Let Greek authorities," he says, "tell us what is right." In Latin, as he says, there are only two or three small words of the kind, *heu*, *ceu*, and *seu*. But, if we can be sure of the pronunciation of these two or three Latin words, we shall have made some way towards fixing the sound of the Greek *eu*. Till the Latin is fixed, we lose one means of fixing the Greek. Liudprand's Greek pronunciation is so thoroughly the Greek pronunciation of the present day that we may assume that it was the same with regard to the *eu* and *au* as well as with regard to other sounds. Yet, when Liudprand expresses *εὐθεός* by *euthéos* we do not feel so certain about it as when he expresses *βαθείω*—he is not particular about putting in or leaving out his accents—by *vatheos*. This last proves both that Greek *β* and that Latin *v* was sounded in Liudprand's day like modern *v*; but his representation of *εὐθεός* by *euthéos* does not in the same way fix the sound of either Greek *eu* or Latin *eu*. It is certain that the representation of Greek *eu* by *eu* was fixed on deliberately, because in an earlier stage of Latin *e* had expressed *eu*. But how was Latin *eu* sounded? It may have been sounded *eu* or *ef*, like the modern Greek. Liudprand's way of spelling certainly looks like it, the more so as—as in his printed text at least—alongside of *Zeus*, *Zeus*, we get *Euru yon* for *Εβρουιον*—the *yon* itself a form to be remarked—where the *eu* in *Euru* must be *eu*, and therefore the *e* in *Zeus* may be. When we find the Latins, in their very careful reproduction of Greek sounds, expressing Greek *v* in three ways, simple *v* by *y*—a letter invented on purpose and displacing for this use the older *u*—*eu* and *au* by *eu* and *au*, and *ou* by *u*, it seems plain that there was the same difference in the sounds of *v* in Greek then that there is now, and it may further set us thinking how they were sounded in Latin. The suggestion that *eu* and *au* might possibly have been sounded in Latin as they now are in Greek may seem one degree less startling if we remember how very near in some words the Greek *au* and the German *au*, which was doubtless also its Roman sound, come together. Before *r* and *l*, in such words as *Aulus*, *aura*, there is but very slight difference between them. About Greek *ou* and Latin *u* we suppose nobody doubts, and, as Mr. Munro says, Greek *v* by itself, Latin *y*, was something like German *ü*. This of course accounts for its now not being distinguished in Greek pronunciation from *i* and *η*. It is just as in German *Müller* is not uncommonly made to rhyme to *Schiller*, and as the Welsh *u* in *Gruffydd*, now not to be distinguished from *i*, must once have been sounded *Gruffydd*. One may suspect that *v* kept something of this sound in Liudprand's time; for he confounds *i* and *η*, and expresses them both by *i*, but *v* he distinguishes, and expresses it, as well as *u*, by *y*.

The only weak point in Mr. Munro's argument is one which does not really touch his argument as far as Latin is concerned. We mean his exceeding fear of stirring up any controversy with regard to the pronunciation of Greek. He formally declines to touch on any Greek matter. Yet the pronunciation of Greek and that of Latin are questions which are very nearly allied, and which it would be very hard to keep asunder. In one remark Mr. Munro goes near to stir up the whole question of accent and quantity, from which in Latin controversies we generally hug ourselves as being pretty well free. He says that the Italians have preserved to us the true accentuation of many Latin words, especially in the case of compounds and of words with an enclitic added, as *præterea*, *armâque*. But here comes the great difficulty which so constantly besets us in Greek. How can we say *præterea* and *armâque* without making the accented vowel long? Every one must have felt that the real difficulty is, not how to sound *ἀνθρωπος*, which can easily be made a sound quite distinct both from *ἀνθρωπος* and from *ἀνθρώπος*, but how to sound *οἷα* without making the *i* long. If we are called upon to say *prætered*, the same difficulty at once springs up in Latin. We are sure that, if we wish to come to any reasonable and consistent

pronunciation of either Greek or Latin, we must go thoroughly through all the questions which bear upon the pronunciation of either.

We go back to the point from whence we started, namely to our *Kikero*. The steps by which the *k* or *c* sound has got softened in different ways in so many languages would be worth carefully tracing out. The confusion between *ti* and *ci* might make us think that it was in words of the type of *facies* and *species* that the *c* first began to be softened. Mr. Munro himself shows that *ti* in such words as *ratio* began to be softened in the fifth century. The change in the *ci* would most likely follow it before long. We have seen that the confusion was complete by the eighth century. Coming on somewhat later, we have a curious piece of evidence in the spelling followed in Domesday. It is plain that, when the great Survey was made, *c* was already softened, but that *ch* still kept the hard sound. *Ch* is constantly used in Domesday to mark the hard sound; it is used in many cases where the Old English spelling has a simple *c*, but where we now both write and sound a *k*. Thus, to take the very first word in the Survey, *Kent* is written *Chenth*. *Cent*, it is plain, would not have given the right sound, but *Chenth* did; so we get *Berchelai* and *Berchinges* for *Berkeley* and *Barking*. And in the next century Wace uses *k* to express the Latin *qu*, as *ke* for *qui* and the like. By carrying on this comparison further, a good deal of light would probably be thrown upon the softening of the *c* in English; a softening, be it remembered, which always took the form of *sch*, never of *s*.

We are thoroughly obliged to Mr. Munro for all that he has said himself and for much of what he has led others to say, and especially for the help which he has given to ourselves; but we should like to see the whole historical question of pronunciation worked out more thoroughly than it has ever yet been, not only with regard to Latin, or even to Greek and Latin, but with regard to the kindred tongues generally.

THE SACRED SEX.

OUR fair friends are really a little unreasonable. They want to fulfil that impossible desire of the childish mind, to eat their cake and have it; to fill their hands with roses and not prick their fingers with thorns; to gain such gratification as is to be got from notoriety, yet be exempt from its contingent disagreeables of censure and sarcasm. Above all things, they want to receive the same homage and honour that were paid to them when they were content to live quietly at home and find their chief happiness in the love and protection of men, while standing against them foot to foot, and with arms squared out for a fierce death-struggle; they expect to be allowed to try conclusions with them in the coarse, hard life from which they have hitherto been jealously guarded, yet to remain still the Sacred Sex, uncriticized, unblamed, taken care of, given way to, flattered, and adored. They have thrust themselves to the front on all possible occasions of late, and the world has been filled with their shrill voices demanding wild impossibilities; yet they are still pettishly indignant when they are gravely criticized, or more contemptuously, if more good-naturedly, laughed at as too silly for earnest discussion. They are the Sacred Sex through it all, and expect to be given the wall while they roughly elbow their way among the hodmen of society, and they are outraged if they get bespattered when insisting on sharing the task of flushing sewers and cleaning out mud-heaps as foul as the old Augean stable.

Of those who, like ourselves, think that woman's place in nature is to be found in tenderness and quietness, in purity and modesty, in love and in the home, and not in the blatant stump-orchestra, the public display of hardened sensibilities, the unabashed familiarity with moral abominations that have lately been fashionable among a certain set, no words are too hard to be said. We are worse than Goths and heathen savages for our attacks on the mistakes of what we are glad to believe is only the merest fraction of the Sacred Sex; but the very persons who howl the loudest are just those who seek to abrogate for women every characteristic of life and nature by which this sentiment of female sacredness was created and has been maintained. Notorious as women are for the want of logical faculty, there has been no manifestation of that want more striking than the anger with which they receive the blows incidental to a fight, though they have voluntarily thrust themselves into the midst of that fight against the advice and warning of their best friends. If they will push themselves into the thick of a *mêlée*—and all such actively competitive life as they are clamouring for is a *mêlée*, growing every year more fierce and determined—at least they should be able to take their punishment cheerfully, and not fall foul of the fighters for their want of gallantry and consideration. No one wants them to thrust their pretty heads into the way of men's huge fists; and we, with others of their truest friends, are shouting to them to keep back and take care; but if they will come, why then they must look out for hard knocks, and not expect to shelter themselves under a traditional sacredness which they have wilfully cast aside.

All immunity has to be bought by certain sacrifices in exchange for its privileges. If the Mikado went among his subjects as one of themselves in the tea-houses, he would have to give up his sacredness for the sake of the rougher liberty of an ordinary man; he could not retain both; and if our women, whom hitherto we have regarded in a certain sense sacred to the home

life, come swaggering out into the streets like noisy brawlers in a rude crowd, they must forego their privileges of respect and protection for that liberty which includes self-assertive competition, rough words, and rougher shouldering aside; as must needs be among people struggling for place and precedence. What constituted the old sacredness of woman? For one thing her very confession of weakness; but mainly her unobtrusive life of help and love, the holiness of her function as mother, the sweetness of her office as wife. No slanders could invade the home where she was at once queen and guarded; and save for the feminine follies which came to the surface and were fair game for satire, no one despised or scorned her. It has been reserved for our own day to see women of culture and class refinement publicly challenge the disdainful attention of their age by an unsexed ambition like to nothing so much as the prowess of the Amazons of Dahomey, or the patriotism of *les Dames de la Halle*. But though they have unsexed themselves, and trampled under foot most of the qualities which have hitherto been their glory and their crown, they have tried to keep hold of the sacredness which was the result of those qualities; wishing to make the best of two states, and, while usurping the distinctive places of men, retaining some of the pleasanter and safer conditions of their own. But, above all, they object to adverse criticism, and however monstrous the thing they do, they think they ought not to be plainly spoken to, nor honestly dealt with; for truth is an offence to their sacredness, which they cannot forgive. They set themselves down before the doors of a medical college, doggedly determined to force their way into the ranks of the reluctant students, thinking it no shame for young men and women to study anatomy and physiology together, to dissect dead bodies in concert, to listen to lectures on obstetrics and kindred subjects, sitting side by side on the same benches; but they think it horrible brutality when told that their determination is disgusting, and that, if they have lost their distinctive modesty, men have not. They take up a foul question, which, before their handling, even men discussed among themselves with a certain reserve, but which now, thanks to the unabashed manipulation of the Sacred Sex, has become a household topic, discoursed on with unblushing freedom by men and women together, lectured on by women to men, and by men to young women; but they are highly offended when rebuked for their free handling of moral filth, and maintain that, being women, they should be dealt with tenderly and spoken of respectfully. They are sacred by the grace of sex; and voluntarily to make themselves scavengers does not in their minds tell against their sanctity.

If they are unreasonable in their notion that they ought to be allowed to take up a position but not to accept its consequences, so are they in their notion as to what position they ought to be allowed to take up, and their own fitness for the work they demand to do. They ask to have a voice in the Imperial councils, but the great servant question, which is emphatically all their own, is confessedly in the most unsatisfactory condition; and the regulation of domestic life, the management of children, the reform of fashions, and the art of getting the greatest amount of pleasure in social intercourse, also questions exclusively their own, are in a hopeless muddle. The Sacred Sex which cannot put its kitchen, its nursery, or its drawing-room in order, nor even clothe itself rationally, thinks it can help to decide on the gravest events of current history, and that its piping voice may be profitably raised in the settlement of the most delicate and important economic questions. The better regulation of the army, the provisions of the Budget, the righteousness or unrighteousness of war and the Poor-laws, the future results of commercial treaties, all these are within its scope, and great good is expected from the application of its fine intuitions and delicate perceptions in the arrangement of these matters; but Mary Jane dragging the baby with a dose of "quietness" that she may slip out more at her ease to her cousin the Lifeguardsman, and cook poisoning the family with mistaken herbs and arsenical colouring-matters, are beyond the functions or the knowledge of the mother and the mistress to prevent. For we must remember that women cannot abolish their duties; they can only delegate them—turn them down from hand to hand till they reach the lowest, which perhaps will refuse them in its turn, and so throw them back to the starting-point, where they ought to be. Thus all the cry raised now for a wider sphere means only, in the case of married women, that they do not like their natural duties, and that they want to shuffle off to other shoulders the assigned burdens which they do not choose to carry on their own. They do not propose that men should keep the house, or that machines should nurse the baby; they only ask that other women than themselves should do so; and they confess, with cynical frankness, that they prefer to engross parchment and make up pills for money wherewith to pay other women for their time, rather than themselves nurse or educate their own children, or put thought, energy, or knowledge into making the home happy and beautiful for husband and family. If they had no other work to do, there would not be so much to say against their undertaking such of men's work as they could perform creditably and satisfactorily; but we confess that we cannot see the value of the present movement, which consists only in shifting the kind of work, in the arbitrary degradation of certain kinds which nature has made imperative, and in the substitution of ambition for love, self-glory for duty, and making for saving. However, what will be will be. If it is so ordained that this uncomfortable phase of active feminine ambition has to be worked through, nothing that we or any one else can say will

prevent it. But at least we may give one note of warning by the way, and do what we can to mitigate the worst of the absurdities resulting. In particular, we would urge the incompatibility of the old sacredness with the new self-assertion, and the unwisdom of wincing at satire voluntarily courted. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds has been as yet a feat found impossible with the best will in the world; if women are able to unite the coarse life of men with the sacredness of womanhood, they will have solved the problem in their own favour. But until the new phenomenon is made manifest we must take the liberty of questioning its possibility, and of maintaining that if the Sacred Sex wishes to remain the sacred sex still, it must not offer itself as a mark for public discussion on a more than questionable line of action; if it wishes to keep its head whole, it must not thrust it where blows are falling; and if it likes clean fingers, it must not touch pitch.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

IT is not at all wonderful that a Berlin newspaper should affect to underrate what it calls the Döllinger movement in the Church, and still less can we wonder that its views should be eagerly endorsed by what the *Allgemeine Zeitung* very naturally characterizes as "the suspicious praise of the Ultramontane press" both in Germany and beyond it. The controversy between the "old Catholics," who adhere to the infallibility of the Church, and the "new Catholics," who substitute for it the infallibility of the Pope, can be a matter of no interest, according to the *Nationalzeitung*, to Protestant outsiders, since both parties alike maintain the principle of hierarchical absolutism, "*laissez-tacere* in Ecclesia." Politicians, while equally indifferent to both theories, can afford to treat with impartial contempt any practical consequences that may be deduced from them. Whatever the infallible Pope may say, a servile Episcopate is pretty certain to obey; but neither Pope nor bishops can injure the State, though they may disturb individual consciences. The *Nationalzeitung* has no faith in the principles of the "Döllingerians," or the permanence of the movement, and "has never taken Döllinger and Schulte for paladins of intellectual freedom." In all this there is something of the contempt which men are always disposed to feel for religious movements beyond the pale of their own communion, and something of the dislike of a certain school of Liberals for any religious movement which is not based on purely negative principles. English Roman Catholics are not apt to attach much more importance—except so far as it may hold out a prospect of conversions—to any controversy, however vital, which agitates the Established Church than the North German Protestant organ we have quoted attaches to the controversy which is shaking German Catholicism to its centre. And there is much force in the criticism of the leading journal in Southern Germany:—"We do not blame the writer for priding himself on having broken with all dogmas, but he must know right well that mere negation does the very worst service to the cause of human progress." It is added, fairly enough, that the "old Catholics" have not shown themselves more disposed to pay an abject submission to a servile and infallibilist Episcopate than to the Pope. And if many of the clergy have succumbed, the *Allgemeine* repeats, notwithstanding the angry reclamations of the infallibilist organs, that infallibility has become for them a "famine dogma." In many cases their bread depends on their submission. We have heard in more than one case of priests signing the declaration of the Munich clergy, who professed in private their utter disbelief in the dogma, one of them observing that he would just as soon believe in five Persons in the Godhead. The document after all was only signed by about half the priests at Munich, while the counter address of sympathy to Döllinger has already received more than ten thousand, exclusively Catholic, signatures. The movement has of course great difficulties to contend with, owing to the enormously powerful machinery of repression, both spiritual and material, in the hands of the hierarchy, and ultimately of the Pope. This is sufficiently illustrated by the pusillanimous surrender of Bishop Hefele, to whose strangely inconsequent Pastoral we called attention the other day. It is now said to have been written under dictation, and sent to Rome for inspection before it was allowed to appear. What is certain is that it has destroyed the Bishop's influence in Germany, and procured him a most unctuous letter of commendation from the Papal Nuncio at Munich, who assures him that "the most Blessed Father, amid his grievous afflictions, will derive much consolation from reading" the Pastoral. Considering the opposition they have to cope with, it is certainly no reproach to the discretion of the reforming party that they should confine themselves at present to the one crucial point of Papal infallibility, and to one clear and decisive line of argument in their resistance to it—namely, its proved incompatibility with the history and tradition of the Church. No doubt there is much very open to criticism, as has been objected to them, in the constitution *De Fide* issued by the Vatican Synod in April of last year, but as the authority of the Council and all its decrees necessarily stands or falls with the great dogma which it was summoned to proclaim, there is no need to encumber the controversy with collateral issues. To complain that the opposition both to the doctrines and the competence of the Council is purely conservative and "reactionary," because it is based on an appeal to ecclesiastical tradition, is to forget that it appeals to that

historical evidence on which all positive religious beliefs must ultimately hinge.

A Swiss newspaper, the *Dund*, has more correctly appreciated the movement, when it points to the contrast, now as in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, between German culture and science and "the slavish passivity of the Romance peoples under the yoke" of the Papal Curia. That the impulse first given by Dollinger's *Erklärung*, and the sentence which it drew upon him, is gaining strength daily, may be inferred from the fact that scarcely a number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* appears without recording one or more addresses of sympathy to him from all parts of Catholic Germany, and many from other places also, one of the last announced being from a large body of priests at Naples. He has himself received a visit of sympathy from an Austrian bishop, and Friedrich, who is his fellow victim, a letter from another bishop. The University students have signed an address, notwithstanding the Archbishop's threat of excommunication, which is sent round for signature to the other Universities of Germany; and his election as Rector for this year, the centenary of the foundation, is said to be certain. The honour of a torch procession, which they were eager to press upon him, was not unnaturally declined, but he purposes resuming his lectures after the summer vacation. Dr. Friedrich's request to be allowed to continue his public ministrations in the Royal Chapel has been referred to the Minister of Worship. It is sure to be granted, as far as the matter depends on the personal wishes of the King, but his action is somewhat hampered by Ultramontane members of the Cabinet. It is some testimony to the importance of the movement that the German bishops are understood to contemplate addressing the Pope to request such an interpretation of the political bearings of the dogma as may deprive it of all offensive meaning. We need hardly say that any such interpretation would be, like Cardinal Antonelli's oleaginous despatch to Count Daru last year, at once nugatory and insincere; the claims to absolute supremacy over both Church and State solemnly and repeatedly put forward by infallible Popes must stand or fall with their infallibility. But the desire of the German bishops to get rid of those awkward collaries of the new dogma gauges at once the reality of their professed belief, and the reality of the danger they foresee in consistently maintaining it. Still more indicative of angry alarm is the elaborate document addressed to his clergy by the Archbishop of Bamberg, with its long and querulous preamble about the wicked agitation carried on both in town and country against "the decrees of the holy and Œcumenical Vatican Council," and against the Archbishop of Munich for enforcing them. The clergy are accordingly directed to inform their congregations from the pulpit that all who reject the decrees of the Council, and all who "agree with or defend, or in any way favour Professor Dollinger in his heresy," incur *ipso facto* excommunication; that they cannot be absolved without retraction, and cannot, if they die, have Christian burial. From this censure they can only be absolved by the Pope, or a Bishop specially empowered by him for the purpose. How this declaration is likely to be received we may judge from the attitude of the two distinguished personages who have been singled out for specific condemnation at Munich. Dr. Dollinger, while abstaining for the present from officiating in public, in order to avoid causing any unnecessary scandal or disturbance, entirely declines to accept his excommunication as binding *in foro conscientie*, and is drawing up a work against Papal infallibility with the view of establishing in detail the five points sketched out in his formal manifesto. Dr. Friedrich, in his published Letter to the Archbishop, sums up a masterly statement of the case by saying:—"On these grounds I here declare your Excellency's sentence against me to be not only unjust, but null and void and of no effect." Professor Huber, who, strange to say, has not yet been excommunicated, writes quite as strongly. Dr. Schulte, the Rector of the University of Prague, continues to be on excellent terms with the Cardinal Archbishop, but is in daily expectation of a sentence of excommunication direct from Rome, and it remains to be seen how Cardinal Schwarzenberg will act in such a contingency. Dr. Schulte is a layman, but the most distinguished canonist in Germany, and only second to Dr. Dollinger as an opponent of the new dogma. Bishop Strossmayer's severe illness, from which he is only now slowly recovering, has prevented his taking any active part in the controversy, but nobody supposes him likely to follow the ignoble example of the Bishop of Rottenburg. Meanwhile Dr. Michels, who has been described with studied infelicity by the English Ultramontane press as "a German Murphy," but who is one of the most learned priests in Germany, is still engaged in lecturing to crowded and influential audiences on the nullity of the Vatican Council, and the falsehood of its dogmatic decrees.

In connexion with this affair a curious question has been raised in Bavaria, which, if it has not much practical importance, is of interest as indirectly illustrating the bearings of the new dogma on the status of the Roman Catholic Church. The Bavarian Constitution forbids, under severe penalties, any public insults or attacks directed against "the doctrines, usages, institutions, or worship" of any religious community recognised by the State, and the authorities and ministers of the four religious bodies in Bavaria are placed under the protection of this law. It has been asked, first, whether the Catholic Church, after accepting the new dogma of infallibility, can still claim the benefit of the law; and, secondly, whether it is to be regarded as sheltering the dogma itself from public attack? The answer which has been suggested seems reasonable enough; but it marks very strongly the feeling

entertained about the doctrine in Germany. The character of the Catholic Church, it is observed, is so essentially altered by the infallibilist dogma that it can only be regarded as a new religious community. "The dogma not only contains an article of faith, but changes the whole constitution and relations of authority in the Church, in spite of all the counter assertions of many infallibilists." A community under the absolute rule of one irresponsible and infallible man is not the same thing as a society whose chief can only lay down as a binding principle of belief what has been unanimously agreed upon by the rest of its representatives also. The Bavarian Concordat was made with a Church whose bishops, including of course those of Bavaria itself, shared with the chief pastor the right of defining doctrine, and it is therefore quite open to the State to decline to recognise its application to a Church where the bishops have no such right; but it is for the State, and not for individuals, to decide whether it shall be recognised or not. As to the dogma itself the question is a much simpler one. It was promulgated without the requisite civil permission, which had been expressly refused, and is therefore no dogma of the Church as recognised by the State, and cannot claim the protection of the law. In itself, as we said just now, the particular point at issue is of little direct importance. Educated men will avoid mockery and insult in attacking the religious opinions of their neighbours, however erroneous they may think them, and the civil position of the Church in any country must depend in the long run, not on the letter of the existing law, but on the state of public opinion. Still, considering that Bavaria is one of the most intensely Catholic countries in Europe, and that the Church occupies a high position in the State and is represented at Court and in the Upper Chamber, it is significant that such an inquiry should have been raised, and have been answered in a sense which infallibilists may do wisely to ponder before it is too late.

POLITICAL CARICATURES.

THE success of the clever caricatures which have for some two years past been published in the weekly periodical called *Vanity Fair*, and which have attracted so much popular interest in the shop-windows, may be traced not only to their artistic merits, but to the instinctive eagerness of the public to make the personal acquaintance of politicians and statesmen, and to identify the familiar names with some distinct corporeal individuality. As nature abhors a vacuum, so does the ordinary mind abhor abstract conceptions, whether of men or things, and seek to embody them in substantial shapes. Photographs and illustrated papers have done much to correct the popular mythology of politics, and Mr. Tenniel's admirable cartoons bring us face to face with most of our public men in turn. There is, however, a distinction to be observed between the *Vanity Fair* pictures and those of the same class to which we have hitherto been accustomed. M. Pellegrini's caricatures are in themselves personal, not political. They have no reference to any particular question or incident of politics, and the artist is altogether free from party predilections. He knows nothing of the Irish Church, or the Land question. His mind is a blank as to the Ballot. He ridicules Liberals and Conservatives, Radicals and Tories, with cruel impartiality. In his eyes there is nothing to choose between them; the men on one side of the House are just as absurd, or can be made to look so, as the men on the other, and his business is simply, being given a subject, to detect and exhibit its ludicrous aspects. Hence his sketches contain no political *arrière-pensée*. It is left to the writer of the letter-press to point the moral of the pictures. To imagine that this country is governed by what is called public opinion is, we are assured, a pleasing but delusive fiction. The national will may be master, but it can only exercise its control in a very indirect and nominal manner. Practically, Ministers can do what they like when in office. It is not till the mischief is accomplished that the people can interfere, and then of course it is too late to do anything but condone the folly or incapacity which caused it. Consequently "it is of paramount importance that we should have some clear idea as to what manner of men it is who thus hold our destinies in their hands." Cobbett used to wish that the journalists of his day could be paraded in Hyde Park, in order that it might be seen what a set of wretched, insignificant fellows they were. Our politicians are here subjected to a similar ordeal. The political lesson of the portrait gallery is that the secret springs of legislation and government are to be sought in the personal peculiarities of the governing classes rather than in the influence of abstract principles or national convictions. This is, no doubt, a view of politics which deserves attention, though its importance may easily be exaggerated. The profound philosophy of Sam Slick's discovery, that there is a good deal of human nature in people, is also applicable to Cabinets. Even the loftiest Ministers are, after all, only human beings whose digestive system is not always in the best order, and who have their foibles and fits of temper just like ordinary men.

It is a conventional assumption in most speeches and newspaper articles that politics are purely a matter of logical dynamics, and that everything depends on the relative force of principles and arguments. The division list is supposed to be a direct result of the debate, and the practical issue of a course of lofty philosophical dialectics. Mr. Disraeli has repudiated the supremacy of logic in the House of Commons, but rhetoric in itself has about as little influence as logic. The fact is that Parlia-

mentary opinion, like public opinion at large, is produced by the complex action of manifold personal interests, prejudices, and humours. Thus the *Vanity Fair* caricatures furnish a useful supplement to the long reports of the debates. It is more instructive sometimes to know how a Minister looks than what he says. There are a good many things in the history of the present Session which are better explained by a glance at M. Pellegrini's pictures than by much pondering over columns of speeches. When the historian of the future comes to deal with the present portion of the nineteenth century, he will have to explain how it happened that a Minister whose popularity with the country at large exceeded that of any other in his generation, or indeed in almost any age, should have been successively rejected by constituencies who on many grounds were naturally attached to him; should have found the Parliamentary majority specially returned in his name restive and mutinous; and should generally have exasperated and repelled those who were brought into contact with him, pretty much in proportion to the closeness of the contact. If the historian has the good luck to come across M. Pellegrini's portraits he will have less difficulty in solving the problem. While the speeches which excite such a glow of pious admiration in country circles represent one side of the Premier's nature, the caricature suggests that other aspect of it which has obtained for the "People's William" the Parliamentary sobriquet of "Coercion Bill." The artist depicts him in an attitude of strained, uncompromising defiance, with thin lips tightly pressed and turned down in sulky menace at the corners, hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat and evidently clenched there, and a general expression of obdurate resolution and acrid wrath. It is "dourness," as the Scotch call it, rather than sornness, which is thus displayed; and the remark of the commentator, "Were he a worse man he would be a better statesman," is so far justified that Mr. Gladstone's reckless assertion of great principles to suit every petty occasion would be less embarrassing and dangerous to himself if he could only make up his mind to throw aside principles as readily as he invents them on an emergency. The tact with which Lord Palmerston not only held his own party together, but used both it and the Opposition in friendly unison, was especially shown in his glad acceptance of every occasion, contriving one if needful, to make small but graceful concessions to the House. Mr. Gladstone loses ground by refusing to yield a step, as often as his more astute and diplomatic predecessor gained ground by continually seeming to surrender it. The caricature of the leader of the Opposition, if less striking, no special phase of character having been chosen for delineation, is highly suggestive in the lurking humour of the mouth, and the dreamy, sensuous expression of the upper part of the face. It has been suggested that Mr. Lowe's imperfect vision may have something to do with the want of imagination of which he is accused, distinctions of feature and expression being lost to him, and all men seeming much the same. Physical peculiarities might more plausibly be suggested as an explanation of the kind of irritation which he is so apt to excite in those whom he addresses—the half-shut eyes, and head thrown back in the effort to see, giving the face an air of scornful regard, of which he himself is doubtless quite unconscious, but which, as may be seen in the sketch, imparts a dangerous emphasis to his most innocent language.

Mr. Bright has always been a difficulty to the caricaturist, and it is no wonder that M. Pellegrini has not been very successful where so many native artists have failed. A sure sign of failure in such a case is the tendency to select one or two marked external circumstances, and continually reproduce them like a familiar label whenever the same person has to be portrayed. A broad burly figure, Quaker hat and eyeglass, are usually made to do duty in this fashion for a likeness of Mr. Bright. It is true he is somewhat stout in form, but it is needless to say that the broad-brimmed hat is a purely imaginary symbol, and as to the eyeglass, although Mr. Bright does in fact carry one, he rarely if ever uses it, and certainly never when speaking. It is his smooth neat features, the comely smugness of his face, which doubtless puzzle the artists, who find it difficult to lay hold of anything to represent the strong, sharply marked character of the great orator. M. Pellegrini has been so far successful that he has caught the expression of passionate dogmatism and chronic contempt in the lips, but he has drawn them too coarse and large, missing the sign of temper in the smallness of the mouth.

The writer of the letter-press has in many instances evidently made it his business to tone down the personalities of the caricatures by compliments in the text, but the latter have sometimes an ironical suggestiveness which may or may not have been intended. Mr. W. E. Forster is described as of "stately presence and possessing an elegance of manner which is attained by few." Mention is also made of his "highly sensitive modesty," and we are assured that, "if he is not an advanced Liberal, it is for want of advancing himself." Since these lines were written Mr. Forster has overcome the shrinking timidity of his nature so far as to become a Cabinet Minister, on the strength of a Bill which he compelled the Government to carry in the teeth of their party. The secret of Mr. Forster's success as at once the most persistent and persuasive of statesmen is perhaps to be found in the ruggedness of mien and manner which the artist has depicted with droll exaggeration. "Here I am," he seems to say, "a plain, downright fellow; a little rough, perhaps, but you mustn't mind that. It's only my way, and I don't mean any harm." It is

under cover of this seeming roughness and unconventional candour that he contrives to feel his way and disarm suspicion. On the other hand, the picture of Lord Granville points to the possible danger of a too demonstrative urbanity, which sets people on their guard against soft words and winning smiles. The caricatures are too many to be gone through in detail; but turning over the leaves we notice, among the best, Lord Spencer—"the messenger of peace"—blinking at the effulgence of his golden beard; Lord Stanley, with chest thrust forward and arms flung back, as if in a kind of balancing operation to keep his head steady; Mr. Chichester Fortescue, sweet and mild, with the triumphant legend, "He married Lady Waldegrave and"—as a trifle thrown in—"governed Ireland"; Mr. Bruce, immersed in slumbrous "consideration," one hand propping his chin, and the other his elbow; Mr. Ayrton, personating "mind and morality," drooping his languid eyelids in general contempt of mankind, yet unable to disguise the thrill of satisfaction with which he is discharging a truculent rejoinder to some simple questioner; Lord Shaftesbury, with meekly folded hands and air of proud humility, deprecating, yet prepared for, the worship of his fellow-creatures; Archbishop Tait, turning his back on the storm, while the breeze blows his long skirts through his legs; Lord Westbury, "an eminent Christian man," dropping his words of gall with oily softness, and a benignant smile on his chubby blooming face, like an elderly cherub; Lord Halifax, who, we are reminded, "fell off his horse into the peerage" (in allusion to the accident which, preventing him from canvassing, lost him his seat in the House of Commons, and so drove him to the Lords), decorously dull and respectable; the Duke of Argyll, in that strutting attitude, with bristling crest of glowing hair, which suggested to the Episcopal Bench an irrepressible joke about "Cocculus Indicis"; Lord Elcho, illustrating another type of "cockiness," of the assured, complacent kind; and many more. It must be said that some of the pictures are very bad, spiteful in design, and coarse in execution; but, as a rule, these were not by M. Pellegrini, but by other hands.

ANGERS.

TO the English traveller Angers is, in point of historic interest, without a rival among the towns of France. Rouen indeed is the cradle of our Norman dynasty, as Angers of our Plantagenet dynasty; but the Rouen of the Dukes has almost vanished, while Angers remains the Angers of the Counts. The physiognomy of the place—if we may venture to use the term—has been singularly preserved. Few towns have, it is true, suffered more from the destructive frenzy of the Revolution; gay boulevards have replaced "the flinty ribs of this contemptuous city," the walls which play their part in Shakespeare's *King John*; the noblest of its abbays has been swept away to make room for the Prefecture; four churches were demolished at a blow to be replaced by the dreariest of squares; the tombs of its Dukes have disappeared from the Cathedral. In spite, however, of new faubourgs, new bridges, and new squares, Angers still retains the impress of the middle ages; its steep and narrow streets, its dark tortuous alleys, the fantastic woodwork of its houses, the sombre griminess of the slate-rock out of which the city is built, defy even the gay audacity of Imperialist Prefects to modernize them. One climbs up from the busy quay along the Mayenne into a city which is still the city of the Counts. From Geoffrey Greygown to John Lackland, there is hardly one who has not left his name stamped on church or cloister or bridge or hospital. The stern tower of St. Aubin recalls in its founder Geoffrey himself; the nave of St. Maurice, the choir of St. Martin's, the walls of Roncevray, the bridge over Mayenne, proclaim the restless activity of Fule Nerra; Geoffrey Martel rests beneath the ruins of St. Nicholas on its height across the river; beyond the walls to the south is the site of the burial place of Fule Rechin; one can tread the very palace halls to which Geoffrey Plantagenet led home his English bride; the suburb of Roncevray, studded with buildings of an exquisite beauty, is almost the creation of Henry Fitz-Empress and his sons. But, apart from its historical interest, Angers is a mine of treasure to the archæologist or the artist. In the beauty and character of its site it strongly resembles Le Mans. The river Mayenne comes down from the north, from its junction with the Sarthe, edged on either side by low ranges of *coteaux*, which, approaching it nearly on the west, leave room along its eastern bank for vast level flats of marshy meadow land, cut through by white roads and long poplar-rows—meadows which in reality represent the old river-bed in some remote geological age before it had shrunk to its present channel. Below Angers the valley widens, and as the Mayenne coils away to Ponts de Ce, it throws out on either side broad flats, rich in grass and golden flowers, and scored with rhines as straight and choked with water-weeds as the rhines of Somersetshire. It is across these lower meadows, from the base of the abbey walls of St. Nicholas, that one gets the finest view of Angers; the colossal mass of its castle, the two delicate towers of the Cathedral rising sharp against the sky, the stern belfry of St. Aubin.

Angers stands in fact on a huge block of slate-rock, thrown forward across the valley from the heights that bound it, and closing up to the river in what was once a cliff as abrupt as that of Le Mans. On the highest point of this block stands the Cathedral of St. Maurice, the tall slender towers of its western

front and the fantastic row of statues which fill the arcade between them contrasting picturesquely enough with the bare grandeur of its interior, where the broad, low vaulting reminds us that we are on the architectural border of Northern and Southern Europe. St. Maurice is in the strictest sense the mother church of the town. M. Michelet has with singular infelicity selected Angers as the type of a feudal city; with the one exception of the Castle of St. Louis it is absolutely without a trace of the feudal impress. Up to the Revolution it remained the most ecclesiastical of French towns. Christianity found the small Roman borough covering little more than the space afterwards occupied by the Cathedral precincts, planted its church in the midst of it, buttressed it to north and south with the great Merovingian Abbey of St. Aubin and St. Serge, and linked them together by a chain of inferior foundations that entirely covered its eastern side. From the river on the south to the river on the north Angers lay ringed in by a belt of priories and churches and abbeys. Of the greatest of these, that of St. Aubin, only one huge tower remains, but fragments are still to be seen embedded in the buildings of the Prefecture—above all, a Romanesque arcade fretted with tangled imagery and apocalyptic figures of the richest work of the eleventh century. St. Serge still stands to the north of Angers; its vast gardens and fishponds turned into the public gardens of the town, its church spacious and beautiful, with a noble choir that may perhaps recall the munificence of Geoffrey Martel. Of the rivals of these two great houses two only remain. Portions of the Carolingian Church of St. Martin, built by the wife of Emperor Louis le Debonnaire, are now in use as a tobacco warehouse; the pretty ruin of Toussaint, not at all unlike our own Tintern, stands well cared for in the gardens of the Museum. But, interesting as these relics are, it is not ecclesiastical Angers that the English traveller instinctively looks for; it is the Angers of the Counts, the birthplace of the Plantagenets. It is only in their own capital, indeed, that we fully understand our Angevin Kings, that we fully realize that they were Angevins. To an English schoolboy Henry II. is little more than the murderer of Becket and the friend of Fair Rosamund. Even an English student finds it hard, after all the labours of Professor Stubbs, to lay hold of either Henry or his sons. In spite of their versatile ability, and of the mark which they have left on our judicature, our municipal liberty, our political constitution, the first three Plantagenets are to most of us little more than dim shapes of strange manner and speech, hurrying to their island realm to extort money, to enforce good government, and then hurrying back to Anjou. But there is hardly a boy in the streets of Angers to whom the name of "Count" Henry Fitz-Empress is strange, who could not point to the ruins of his bridge or the halls of his Hospice, or tell of the great "Levee" by which the most beneficent of Angevin rulers saved the farmers' fields from the floods of the Loire. Strangers in England, the three first Plantagenets are at home in the sunny fields along the Mayenne. The history of Anjou, the character of the Counts, their forefathers, are the keys to the subtle policy, to the strangely-mingled temper of Henry and his sons. The countless robber-holds of the Angevin noblesse must have done much towards the steady resolve with which they bridled feudalism in their island realm. The countless ecclesiastical foundations that ringed in their Angevin capital hardly failed to embitter, if not to suggest, their jealousy of the Church.

Of the monuments of the Counts which illustrate our own history, the noblest, in spite of its name, is the Bishop's Palace to the north of the Cathedral. The residence of the Bishop was undoubtedly at first the residence of the Counts, and the tradition which places its transfer as far back as the days of Ingelger can hardly be traced to any earlier source than the local annalist of the seventeenth century. It is at least probable that the occupation by the Bishop did not take place till after the erection of the Castle on the site of the original *Évêché* in the time of St. Louis; and this is confirmed by the fact that the well-known description of Angers by Ralph de Diceto places the Comital Palace of the twelfth century in the north-east quarter of the town—on the exact site, that is, of the present episcopal residence. But if this identification be correct, there is no building in the town which can compare with it in historical interest for Englishmen. The chapel beneath, originally perhaps simply the substructure, dates from the close of the eleventh century; the fine hall above, with its grand row of windows looking out upon the court, from the earlier half of the twelfth. It was to the building as it actually stands, therefore, that Geoffrey Plantagenet must have brought home his English bride along the narrow streets hung with gorgeous tapestries and filled with long trains of priests and burghers. To Angers that day represented the triumphant close of a hundred years' struggle with Normandy; to England it gave the line of its Plantagenet Kings. The proudest monuments of Henry and his sons lie not in Angers itself, but in the suburb across the river. The suburb seems to have originated in the chapel of Roncevray, the Roman-like masonry of whose exterior may date back as far as Fulk Nerra himself. But its real importance dates from Henry Fitz-Empress. It is characteristic of the temper and policy of the first of our Plantagenet Kings that in Anjou, as in England, no religious house claimed him as its founder. Here, indeed, the Papal sentence on his part in the murder of Becket compelled him to resort to the ridiculous trick of turning the canons out of Waltham to enable him to refound it as a priory of his own without cost to the Royal exchequer. But in his Continental dominions he did not even stoop to the pretence of such a foundation. No abbey figured among the costly buildings with which he adorned his

birthplace Le Mans. The long embankment of the Levee, the bridge of Saumur, were his monuments along the Loire. It was as if in direct opposition to the purely monastic feeling that he devoted his wealth to the erection of the grand Hospitals at Angers and Le Mans. His Hospital of St. John, which forms the chief ornament of the suburb of Roncevray, seems to have occupied in its erection the reigns both of himself and his sons. Its two halls are clearly of Henry's own date. The one lying to the south is now used as a brewery, a purpose for which its vaults resting on the cool slate-rock admirably fit it; within, the noble sweep of its wide arches, supported on double pillars and dividing it throughout into three aisles, gives it an air of singular grandeur. Its northern fellow is of the same form, but far lighter and more delicate in treatment, the slender pillars supporting a roof of the characteristic Angevin vaulting. The exquisite chapel close by trembles on the verge of the later pointed style, and the grace and beauty of its Romanesque forms are only rivalled by the elegance of the cloister without. The broken ruins of the Pont de Treilles, the one low tower barring the Mayenne which remains of the walls around the suburb, show the price which Henry set upon the costly buildings which were the last legacy of the Counts to their capital. Across the river, at the south-west corner of the town itself, stands the huge fortress that commemorates their fall. From the meadows along the Mayenne the dark, colossal form of the Castle seems to dwarf even the Minster beside it. It is the monument of French conquest, of the triumphs of Philip Augustus which wrested Angers from the line of Ingelger. But in the stern, repulsive grandeur of its walls, in bastion after bastion bound as with rings of iron by dark lines of slate-rock, in the sombre curtains between them unbroken by moulding or window, it is hard not to read the history and the character of the Counts of Anjou.

HAP-HAZARD LEGISLATION.

IS it permissible to consider an English project of law not with reference to the immediate utility of the change which it is intended to effect, nor even to its influence on the fortunes of the party by whom it is promoted, but from the more abstract point of view of its symmetrical relation to the body of law of which it is intended to form a part? The suggestion savours of novelty and eccentricity, and it is easy to imagine the contempt with which Parliament would treat a member who ventured to criticize a measure before the House as offending against legislative symmetry. Indeed the attitude of mind which such a criticism would imply is thoroughly repugnant to the spirit of British legislation. Our Statute-Book has been constructed through many ages by a set of men gifted with excellent common sense, but heedless of scientific principles. It is our boast that when we see an evil we set to work at once to remedy it, without troubling ourselves about abstract principles. Practical men for the most part, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions or Directors of great business concerns, our legislators never find a difficulty in framing a set of rules applicable to the case immediately before them. The principles on which they have gone to work are eminently characteristic of sensible amateurs. Does a set of rules fail to meet the want of a particular class? Straightway construct a new and additional set, with provisions applicable to the requirements of the case. Is the measure needed administrative? What more easy than to call into existence a set of commissioners, or inspectors, or other "authorities," provide them with elaborate instructions, and cut them out a district? It is thus that our Constitution has grown up to be a "complex of particular rights and particular privileges." Year after year adds to the legislative anomalies of the Statute-Book, whilst the construction of an administrative map of England is a task that would appal the most ingenious cartographer. We sometimes talk faintly of codification, but meanwhile Parliament continues to pour out new laws on every conceivable subject with prodigious fertility, and every year sees English law recede more and more hopelessly into the region of the unknowable. Statutes grow up and multiply in unpruned luxuriance, and it would perhaps be as unreasonable to complain of a new measure as anomalous as it would be to criticize a house on the ground of its want of conformity with the architectural style of a London street.

These reflections have been suggested by the study of a Bill which, after a peculiarly stormy outset, seems destined to float peaceably into law. We mean the "Trade Union Act, 1871." We are not about to enter into any general disquisition on the subject of Trade Unions; all that we are now concerned with is the form of the measure which has been introduced into Parliament as a settlement of the question. It appears to be generally admitted, as the net result of lengthy inquiries and angry discussions, that the complaints of Trade Unionists, so far as they are capable of legislative remedy, may be very shortly and simply stated. They complained, in effect, of two things; of a defect in the criminal law, which rendered them liable to punishment for certain acts which, if done in other classes of society, would have escaped punishment; and of a defect in the civil law, which rendered them incapable of obtaining the full benefits of incorporation. One thing might have seemed to be obvious about these two alleged grievances—namely, that although they happened to press upon the same set of people, yet they belonged to totally different chapters of the law. This, however, does not seem to have been at once realized by the Government, for the Bill which

they first introduced bravely aimed at dealing with all the grievances of Trade Unionists. In the course of its progress through the House of Commons it was very properly cut in two, and now appears as two measures—one for amending the criminal law, the other for amending the law of association. But the separation has not been cleanly made. We find a clause which modifies the criminal law still lingering in the latter Bill. On the criminal measure we do not intend to dwell at length. It deals, or ought to deal (for, as we have said, one of its provisions remains unnaturally detached from the rest), with two questions of great difficulty and importance; first, what are the acts which, though harmless, or at least unpunishable, when done by individuals, become dangerous and punishable when done in concert—in other words, what should be the law of conspiracy? and, secondly, how far can the law venture into that debateable land which separates acts of violence which are clearly punishable from expressions of opinion which, however condemnable and injurious, are best left to the operation of public morality—in other words, what should be the law of molestation? These are wide and difficult questions, and we are not at all sure that the Bills deal with them in a satisfactory manner. The amendment of the law of conspiracy is contained in a clause of the Trade Union Bill. The other Bill, which relates to "threats, molestations, and obstructions," appears to illustrate two of the common faults of English laws—that of limiting to a particular set of persons or circumstances principles which should be of general application, and that of trespassing on the province of a judge, and attempting to enumerate particular illustrations of a principle, instead of stating the principle itself. If "molestation" is a proper subject of punishment, surely it is so not merely when it occurs in the relation of master and servant, but in all relations of life. And is anything really gained by specifying in an Act of Parliament such offences as "persistently following a person about from place to place," or "with two or more other persons following a person tumultuously through the streets," by way of explaining what is meant by molestation?

The appropriate mode of meeting the other complaint of Trade Unionists would *prima facie* appear to be an amendment of the law of association, and this appears to have been the view taken by the framers of the Trade Union Bill. A very slight examination, however, would have sufficed to show that the fault lay, not in the law of association, but in the law relating to contracts. The reason why Trade Unionists cannot avail themselves of the benefits of the Companies Acts and the Friendly Societies Acts is simply because the purposes for which they are established are held to be illegal. And they are illegal because they are "in restraint of trade." Now the grounds on which certain contracts are held to be void as being in restraint of trade belong to one of the most vague and unsatisfactory parts of our law. It would of course be not only impossible but undesirable to prohibit judges from being guided in their decisions by considerations which are outside the region of technical law, and belong to the sphere of general expediency or public policy. But when they base their judgments upon alleged moral, or, still more, economical principles, we may fairly withhold from them that confidence which we place in them as expounders of law proper. There can be no doubt that much of the uncertainty which surrounds the English doctrine of restraint of trade is due to the fact that many of the judges who successively moulded the law were influenced by economical doctrines which have since been discredited or exploded, and also to their having used or sanctioned such unfortunately vague expressions as that an illegal contract "taints with illegality" all the surrounding transactions. Were this part of the law ever to be codified, these uncertainties would doubtless be removed. Meanwhile, however, all that seems necessary to meet the wants of Trade Unions is to enact that the illegality of some of their purposes should not deprive them of the benefit of the laws relating to public associations, and further should not extend to avoid contracts which are only remotely connected with their main purpose. An attempt has, we observe, been made to effect the latter object by the third clause of the Bill, which enacts that the purposes of a Trade Union shall not, by reason merely that they are in restraint of trade, be unlawful so as to render void or voidable any agreement or trust. And it is probable that the addition of a very few words would have been sufficient to compass the former object.

Unfortunately, the Bill is not content with this. It goes out of its way to call into existence an entirely new form of association, with privileges and disabilities peculiar to itself, and specially exempted from the operation of the existing laws which govern statutory associations. Now, we contend that this course is not only needless but positively mischievous, as tending to complicate unnecessarily an important branch of law. The English laws relating to statutory associations are the result of the tendencies to co-operation which characterize the age; they have struggled into existence in spite of bitter legal prejudices, and they have been found to meet a manifest want. Their object was, in the first place, to extend to large and fluctuating bodies of men those rights and liabilities which the law attaches to fictitious persons, and in the next place to regulate on satisfactory principles the relations of the members of those bodies to each other and to third parties. In default of them, there was no means of attaining the former object, except by the cumbersome and expensive method of a Royal Charter or a special Act; and as to the latter, the principles applicable to partnerships between two or three persons were found, as administered by the Judges, to be wholly inadequate and unjust in their operation. Under these circumstances a set of

Acts were passed of which the most important are the Companies Acts, intended primarily for commercial associations, but found to be capable of much wider application; and the Friendly Societies Acts, which were passed from more philanthropic motives. Of the former it is unnecessary to speak; they have been more used and more abused than any other laws of their age. As to the latter, they are at present little better than a jungle of unintelligible and inconsistent enactments. They are, however, the subject of an inquiry which has for its object to render them a little more simple and intelligible, and which will, we hope, do so by introducing, so far as possible, uniformity into the principles applicable to all statutory associations, whatever their object.

Such being the case, is it desirable to add a new and distinct form of association to the forms already recognised by law? Such a course might perhaps be justifiable if a Trade Union were a thing *per se*, so different from other forms of associations as to require peculiar and exceptional legislation. But is that so? What is a Trade Union? This is a question to which we found no answer in the first draught of the Bill, which prudently shirked the thorny task of definition. But in the course of Parliamentary discussion it appears to have occurred to the parents of the Bill that it was hardly fair to throw upon magistrates and officials the task of dispelling the confusion which reigned in their own minds, and accordingly a definition was introduced. A Trade Union, we are now told, means

any combination, whether temporary or permanent, for determining directly or indirectly the conditions under which persons shall employ or be employed in any trade or employment, or under which any trade or employment shall be carried on: Provided that the term Trade Union does not include (1) Any agreement between partners as to their own business; (2) Any agreement between an employer and those employed by him as to such employment; (3) Any agreement in consideration of the sale of the goodwill of a business, or of instruction in any profession, trade, or handicraft.

The first point which strikes us about this remarkable definition is its width. It is difficult to say what is not covered by "any temporary combination for the purpose of determining indirectly the conditions of employment." It appears to us to apply to such combinations as two gentlemen stopping to chat on business matters in the street, a husband and wife sitting down to talk about raising their footman's wages, or a housemaid and chimney-sweep discussing how and when the latter shall be admitted in the morning. If so, the Bill may have an indirect effect of which its framers little dreamed, and go far to hasten the social millennium in which the world is to be one vast Trade Union. However, setting aside captious interpretations, and giving the Judges credit for a greater amount of willingness to help out incompetent draughtsmen than they are usually in the habit of exercising, surely the terms of the definition are fairly applicable to most, if not all, of the associations which are at present formed under the Companies Acts. If this be so, the consequences are very serious; for not only does the Bill enact that none of the provisions of the Companies Acts or Friendly Societies Acts shall apply to the associations which it professes to regulate, but it declares that the registration of any such association under those Acts shall be void. Construed literally, this is simply a repeal of all those Acts; a tolerably comprehensive measure of repeal to be effected by a side wind. It might be supposed that the proviso was intended to cut down the sweeping effect of the definition. But as a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind; indeed, it is difficult to say what is its effect, except to plunge the reader's mind in a state of hopeless bewilderment and confusion. For it explains, somewhat gratuitously, that a Trade Union is not the same thing as certain kinds of agreements. Nobody imagined that it was. Throughout the Act, as in common parlance, the term Trade Union is used as meaning a number of persons associated for a particular purpose or in a particular way. It is surely unnecessary to explain that persons associated are not the same thing as the agreement by which they are associated, that partners are not identical with the articles of partnership by which they are bound.

The truth is that the draughtsman has failed simply because the object which he is trying to define is incapable of definition. There is nothing in the world to distinguish a Trade Union from a host of similar associations which are now registered under the Joint-Stock Companies Acts and the Friendly Societies Acts, except the circumstance that some of its purposes are illegal. Declare the purposes legal, and the distinction vanishes. Therefore you are making exceptional legislation for a class which has no separate existence. And even assuming that Trade Unions could be constituted a class by themselves, the rights and liabilities with which it is proposed to clothe them do not commend themselves as superior to those which attach to other associations. The main difference between a Trade Union and a Joint-Stock Company would appear to consist in the fact that the former is not capable of being wound up. That is to say, any person who has the misfortune to lend money or supply goods to a registered Trade Union that happens to fall into difficulties is to have no means of obtaining payment of his debt except by resort to cumbersome and impracticable proceedings against the individual members of the society. We do not think that this provision is calculated either to improve the credit of Trade Unions, or to conciliate public favour towards bodies which are granted such exceptional privileges against creditors.

There is a plausible theory afloat that one of the most useful functions of the House of Lords is to polish into form the crude

and inchoate legislative essays of the popular Assembly. We are not aware that this theory has as yet derived any material support from facts, and, to judge from the unanimity and absence of remark with which the second reading of the Trade Union Bill was received, its anomalous features do not appear to have excited any attention. If, however, the Upper House wish to give some colour to the theory to which we have referred, they could not find a more appropriate field for their exertions.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE present Exhibition proves that imagination is gaining ground. Imitation was rightly designated by Reynolds as belonging to the infancy of art, and by common consent the faculties which deceptive realism calls into play are low in the scale of intellect. It is satisfactory, then, to observe that works which lay hold chiefly on uneducated minds are year by year giving place to creations that awaken fancy and imagination. Painters after the pupilage of pre-Raphaelitism are at length in manly power, and even the public no longer call for the food of babes. The province of imagination in the arts, which critics some short time since seemed wholly to dispute, has been pretty clearly defined. From Bacon, Dugald Stewart, Addison, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Mr. Ruskin, the authors who happen to be nearest at hand, we might cull passages to prove that there can be no genius in art in the absence of imagination. This faculty, long dormant, is now awaking in the Academy, as we shall proceed to illustrate by example. It is the province of imagination to seize on the truest truth, the most absolute beauty, because, in the words of Bacon, man needs "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things." The functions of this faculty are manifold. Among the obvious art uses of imagination is the power of making past times present, distant places near at hand, of calling into life scenes long escaped from vision, of clothing in beauty, and colouring with vivid association, visions which, were it not for imagination, would float in the mind vaguely.

"Lenore" (164), by A. Elmore, R.A., is open to the objection of confounding the distinction between poetry and painting. The awe-moving ballad of Bürger calls up phantoms which cannot be reduced to pictorial form. It is related that when this wild genius first read the poem to his friends they were terror-stricken:—

Grat Lieben auch? Der Mond scheint hell!
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!
Grat Lieben auch vor Todten?
O weh! Lass ruhn die Todten.

The impetuous poet, it is said, suiting his action to the sentiment, accompanied the rehearsal of his stanzas with the cracking of a huntsman's whip; his hearers, it is added, shook with fear; the summons seemed to have come from the world of spirits. The ballad was no sooner published than it flew as lightning through the land, and was heard alike in palace and in cottage. We repeat that a picture comes flat after a legend which thus inflamed a people's fancy. Yet no one ought to regret that Mr. Elmore has painted this picture. He invests the thought in the shades of night, the idea is veiled in mystery, there is no light in heaven save the cold light of stars; the clouds transmute themselves into fearful forms, vultures fly across the sky, the air is peopled by spectres, the wild horse hurries the lovers to the abode of death:—

Tramp! Tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! Splash along the sea;
The surge is white, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

Siren-like forms float on the waves with spectral fire glistening in their eyes, and a hooded figure as a churchyard ghost bears an extinguished taper. Thus it will be understood that the composition is not wanting in accumulated horror. Neither does it lack the fascination of beauty; terror without beauty repels, while beauty without terror lacks grandeur. The action of the horse is bold and true. We were in Rome when the late Alfred Gatlley was modelling his bas-relief, "The Overthrow in the Red Sea," and at the same time in Gibson's studio were on view "Phaeton" and "The Hours." In these several works flying speed is given to horses in air and water, a feat by no means easy. Mr. Elmore is equally successful; the dashing, splashing steed has fire without fury; the action, though high, has not the extravagance of the circus. The picture in imaginative range may be associated with "Death on the Pale Horse," also with the "Four Riders of the Apocalypse" by Cornelius, and with the "Battle of the Huns" by Kaulbach; compositions which severally, it must be confessed, are open to the charge we have already made, that the painter suffers loss when he invades territories already taken possession of by the poet. It may be urged, further, that this expressly German theme is injured by what may be termed Italian treatment. Mr. Elmore, in common with all the elder Academicians, holds himself aloof from the Gothic movement of recent years. Bürger's wild ballad would translate better into the weird art of Martin Schönan into Italian romance at the time of the decadence.

"Nausica and her Maids" (103), by Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., though taken from the Odyssey, is certainly quite as much English as classic. The girls we think we have met before in what may

be called the painter's pleasing picnics, and the landscape background is such limestone strata as crop up by the side of Yorkshire rivulets. Mr. Leslie's type of female beauty is certainly restricted in variety; his models are generalized to some ideal standard. The beauty he depicts is often but skin-deep, forgetful of the Baconic axiom "that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." This painter fears strangeness, eschews angularity and abruptness. His aim is tenderness, unison, sweetness, and tone; in short, he softens and modulates his composition till it becomes altogether musical, a harmony without a discord. His colours are hazy, his lights evenly diffused, and thus his picture settles down into a quiet land of poetry, a dreamland, shadowed by trees, and musical with running waters. The result may have more of the sentiment of modern romance than of the severity of classic times, yet the painter adapts his treatment to the design of Greek vases. The cast of the draperies, the graceful sweep of the arms, the bend of the wrists, the pendant hands, might have been suggested by illustrations in Sir William Hamilton's work on the vases of Magna Grecia. We thank Mr. Leslie heartily for this lovely picture.

Imagination effete and wasted, the godly faculty doing the work of a galley slave—if imagination it can be longer called—fails to redeem from commonplace works bearing pretentious titles in the catalogue. Even the hangers have deemed it best to place out of sight "The Lament of Jephtha's Daughter," by Mr. Hicks. But Mr. Frost as "Royal Academician Elect" obtains more favour for "Sabrina" (233). "Romeo and Juliet" (5), by Mr. Dicksee, is placed well, possibly on the principle of making the Academy pleasantly romantic for young people during the summer holidays. The style is artificial, and ought by this time to be wholly obsolete. The case of Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A., grows serious in more senses than one; six pictures of a sentiment maudlin and muddled become much too serious for a joke. And yet under the rules of the Academy no member can be shunted. We might venture to suggest an Act of Parliament whereby Associates, like bishops, should be enabled to retire honourably from their onerous duties with or without a pension, as might be most agreeable. Mr. O'Neil has this year actually absented himself altogether, possibly because the "Michael Angelo" of last season was scarcely appreciated. It is to be hoped that this rising Associate will find, through speedy promotion in the Academy, some compensation for the severity of journalists. There are other painters whom it is equally difficult to please. Mr. Corbould, though not a lecturer at the Royal Institution, manages to make his grievances heard in high quarters. "Ladye Godiva" (230) ought to have been excluded from the Academy, not from impropriety, but simply from the total absence of artistic merit. But if thus deservedly exorcised from Piccadilly, it was certain of high favour at Kensington in the exalted sphere of international genius. We are sorry that space fails us to do justice to many other works wherein imagination, like new wine in old bottles, bursts loose. Just as a sample of a hot and fiery vintage we may mention "The Elopement from Haddon Hall of Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners" (354), by Mr. A. Johnston, a painter who recently has shown ambition for historic art highly spiced.

Imagination within the Academy naturally varies in quality as in quantity; scarcely a picture is wholly destitute of the faculty, and yet there are few in which it is abounding. Sometimes an artist chooses a subject wherein all the poetry is ready made to hand, such as "Guiderus and Arviragus lamenting the supposed Death of Imogen" (312). Here little more is demanded of Mr. Poole than to awaken associations already within the mind, or possibly to suggest a new reading; or, what were better, to invest the poet's conception with some rare and unaccustomed beauty. Tried by these requisitions the picture breaks down. The figure of Imogen, it may be admitted, is not an unworthy conception; but altogether the picture is weak in drawing and execution. "At the Bar" (1168), by Mr. Walker, a newly elected Associate, in contrast to the last composition, has the advantage, with the accompanying disadvantage, of calling into being a new subject. The painter, in fact, creates his own subject; he therefore has the advantage of novelty; on the other hand, the idea, just as it is new, is unintelligible. But want of perspicuity some people do not account a fault. To teach in parables, to paint enigmas, to throw spectators into a puzzle, is one way of tickling the fancy or teasing the imagination. And yet we would venture to ask for a little daylight within the picture, even at the expense of impressive illusion, just as we might wish an old picture cleaned, to the loss of its grandeur. The artist in this instance has certainly sadly muddled his colours; he has pushed gloom into obscurity, he seems to have got bewildered in the dark mazes of his own conception. Thus it is no wonder that the world in general are a little puzzled, that some take the "bar" to have reference to a gin-palace, others to a goal. The highly dramatic action of the poor woman doubtless points to the Newgate Calendar in some shape; the intensity of anguish in the face, the convulsive clutch of the hands, tell of life wasted, of hopes blasted. The execution of the picture, or rather the way in which the idea is presented to the eye, is, as we have said, a blunder; still the colour never descends to blackness; in its deepest depths there is a glow as in Rembrandt's "Night Watch." Moreover, the silence, suspense, and anxious expectation, are deeply impressive. At least it may be said that the painter has not

wholly failed, though in future, before committing himself to so large a canvas, it will be wise to make a study in the small. Mr. Cauty is also nearly lost in shadow; yet he appeals to imagination in the distracted figure of a lost girl by the river's bank—"Houseless by Night" (94). This is not the first time that Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" has found a place on the line of the Academy. Yet one more tragedy is veiled in shadow. "The Death of Buckingham" (114) may pass for Mr. Wynfield's best work. The artist has been at pains to keep the room in quiet tone, as befits death's chamber. Yet it strikes us that the foreshortening of the figure is not quite right, and in parts the clothes seem empty of the body. The mode of painting, if not brilliant, is without trick or ostentation; the story, in short, is simply and therefore impressively told. The instances we have adduced of the presence of imagination in modern art would be wanting completeness without mention of "Odin, the Northern God of War" (566), by Mr. Van Prinsep. This painter has long since given sign of power and originality; he is ardent, so impetuous indeed as to be impatient of completeness. At length he hits upon a theme congenial to his talents. Odin, massive and superhuman as Gog and Magog, has never till now received due attention. It is true that the finest creation of the Swedish sculptor, Fogelberg, is this Mars of Scandinavia, who keeps guard in the Royal Museum at Stockholm; it may be remembered also that Professor Kaulbach, in the great mural pictures at Berlin, presses into his service the two ravens which in Northern myths personate thought and memory. Yet this imaginative vein remains almost unworked; indeed, strange to say, the artists of Northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Russia, have held themselves aloof from their national traditions. The figure before us stands without parallel for grotesque grandeur and savage force. Odin trudges through ice and snow as a brave Esquimaux raised to the bulk of a god. The shadow beneath the rugged brow, the frost-grizzled beard and fur cap, the ominous ravens that bring tidings of the past and of the future, the solemn colour, the forcible handling befitting a barbarous period, and a sort of tacit agreement between a ruffian god and rude wild nature in the background, mark this picture as a work of genius. Odin's familiar spirit is the raven, the symbol of St. John is the dove; the croak of the raven sounds through Northern mythologies, the voice of the dove is heard in the religion of the South. It were interesting, did space permit, to give further example of the changing phases of imagination in modern art. The faculty of observation as a rule lies cold on the surface, while imagination penetrates deep and animates with fire.

Imagination is also extending the range of landscape. Instead of the eye being arrested by a foreground flower, the mind is carried over wide sweeping plains, or made to ascend mountains which occupy large territories in space. What distance in time is to the imaginative writer, distance in space is to the imaginative painter. Such range of space is gained in "Mount Chimborazo" (368), by the late L. R. Mignot; in "Autumn Gold" (52), by Mr. Vicat Cole; in "Loch Achray" (88), by J. Smart, not to mention other works. Whenever the painter succeeds in conveying an idea of nature's illimitable space and infinite variety, the mind of the spectator dilates. Sometimes, too, imagination is kindled through colour. Even a subject so trite as Mr. Mason's "Blackberry Gathering" (168), puts fancy on the wing, and throws into a glow associations which haunt fields and trees in the happy summer time. Here, too, we may remark how haziness in outline, and liquid blending of forms and colours, tend to a pictorial dreamland. We feel in this exquisite idyl that one piece of stern realism would mar the conception and dispel the illusion. Yet another example we will give by way of violent contrast, if only to show that imagination enters art under many disguises, that wit and imagination meet, and sentiment and satire mingle. Mr. MacWhirter places a donkey drenched with rain in sad contemplation over a stormy sea (404). This suffering brute, this mute philosopher, like a certain Irishman, proposes to his inward soul to plunge into the raging waters in order to escape the pitiless rain. It is commonly assumed that high art must begin and end with Phidias and the Parthenon. Here, on the contrary, the last high effort in art is a donkey with the appended ditty,

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

THE FRENCH COMEDY COMPANY.

THE performances of the French Comedy Company in London have obtained only moderate support. It is no answer to the complaint of high prices at the Opéra Comique, where they are playing, to say that if Madlle. Schneider were appearing there in one of her popular parts, even higher prices would be gladly paid. The people who are likely to appreciate best a comedy of Molière are not perhaps the people who can afford to spend most money upon their pleasures. There is nothing new in a performance of *Tartufe*, nothing exciting, and, above all, nothing naughty. The acting has the same faultless finish that may have been seen in Paris at any time in the last twenty, or perhaps in the last two hundred, years. There is only one scene, and that a shabby one, for all the play, and there is no excuse for any character wearing more than one dress in the performance of it. Unfortunately, perhaps, most of us know beforehand how *Tartufe*'s solicitation of Elmire will result, nor have we forgotten that the *deus ex machina* who is ultimately to confound the hypocrite's scheme of vengeance

is an officer of that most wise and puissant sovereign Louis XIV. of France.

Nous vivons sous un prince ennemi de la fraude,
Un prince dont les yeux se font jour dans les cœurs,
Et que ne peut tromper tout l'art des imposteurs.

It would be interesting to know when the remainder of this speech began to be dropped out of the performance, and whether it occurred to any officer of the late Empire that the ascription to a ruler of the quality of universal penetration might give occasion to disaffected subjects to vent sarcasm against Napoleon III. When the great King was encamped before Lille in Flanders, in 1667, Molière humbly solicited permission "to make him laugh who makes all Europe tremble." Perhaps the representation in recent years of this comedy, as the author wrote it, might have been described as having a tendency to make him tremble who made all Europe laugh. We can conceive no more severe satire on the "personal government" of the Empire than the delivery of the speech in which the King's messenger glorifies the King's love of truth and hatred of falsehood, and his eagerness to honour virtue and punish vice:—

D'un fin discernement sa grande âme pourvue
Sur les choses toujours jette une droite vue.

His far-glancing eye pierces even into the secrets of men's hearts, and as he knows all about everybody, including scoundrels, he recognises in *Tartufe* a famous swindler whom he had known under another name, and whom, as the audience might mentally supply, he had met casually when walking in Leicester Square. "I am sent," says the Exempt, who might typify one of the Cent Gardes, "to show that our sovereign delights in unexpectedly rewarding worthy service":—

Que jamais le mérite avec lui ne perd rien;
Et que, mieux que du mal, il se souvient du bien.

A good lesson may be learned from the performance of this company by observing the easy and natural way in which they act. If there were in an English play such a character as M. Loyal, the officer who comes to take possession of Orgon's house in *Tartufe*'s name, the actor would feel called upon to make a violently grotesque appearance. But to our mind the grave formality of the French actor is more comic than any quantity of grimace in the following dialogue with Orgon:—

M. LOYAL.

Monsieur, sans passion.
Ce n'est rien, seulement qu'une sommation,
Un ordre de vider d'ici, vous et les vôtres,
Mettre vos meubles hors, et faire place à d'autres
Sans délai ni remise, ainsi que besoin est.

ORGON.

Moi! Sortir de céans?

M. LOYAL.

Oui, monsieur, s'il vous plaît.

This is as good a specimen as can be found of the style of this play, and if people cannot be amused by it that is their misfortune. Yet it is undeniable that there are to be seen in the theatre persons who may be suspected, like the swell at the Royal Academy whom we see in *Punch*, of desiring to be informed what it is they are expected to admire. The fun of *Tartufe*, as performed by this company, is so quiet that the frequenter of modern plays, French or English, may almost doubt whether it is fun at all. These severely classical entertainments could not alone maintain a theatre even in Paris, and still less in London.

But fortunately this company has been hitherto supplied with new comedies which have at least sufficed for the continued cultivation of dramatic art. The success of *Le Duc Job* is commonly ascribed to an actor who has made the part of the high-born and enthusiastic Jean peculiarly his own. At this moment, however, we are regarding rather the merit of the play than of the actors in it. We are told that in the family of Rieux it has been the custom to carry more gold in the heart than in the pocket. Jean's father was called by his admiring friends Duke Job, and Jean has inherited the character which was thought to deserve that name. He has served, from love of adventure, in Algeria as a private soldier, and has been promoted for gallantry in the field to the rank of sergeant. On his return to France he meets his old friend Valette, who has made a fortune on the Bourse by means which he confides to Jean under a pledge of silence. Jean assures him that he may be easy as to the safety of the revelation which he has made, for with him a secret need not be respectable in order to be respected. The secret of Valette's success was that his uncle died and left him a small fortune, and he concealed the death from all his acquaintances in Paris, and pretended to have made the money which he visibly possessed upon the Bourse. Thus he gained confidence, which brought him the means of making successful speculations. He would never have said a word to his friend about his recent history if Jean had not accidentally learned something which obliges Valette to tell the rest. Jean, when marching towards Marseilles to embark for Algeria, had been quartered in the house of an old gentleman, whom he finds to be the uncle of his friend Valette. He sees Valette's portrait hanging on the wall of the room in which the old gentleman receives him, and he tells the uncle that he has seen his nephew within a month and he was well. The uncle answers that he has not seen his nephew for a year, but he is young and ambitious, and has to make his way in the world, so he hardly expects to see him.

"Aussi," says the lonely old man, "je me résigne à l'aimer de loin. . . . vous voyez. . . . Son portrait est là qui me regarde avec ses yeux bleus, ceux de sa mère que j'aimais tant." The simple pathos of these words would powerfully affect a generous impulsive nature like that of Jean, and he reports them to Valette, expecting that the nephew of whom the uncle spoke would feel at least as strongly as the stranger who heard him speak. Thus Valette is forced to tell Jean that his uncle is dead, and the rest of his discreditable story cannot be withheld. He admits that he was to blame for not going to see his uncle, but then there was no railway to the place where he lived, and besides it was natural that his uncle should think more of him than he did of his uncle. These old men live in rooms from which they never stir, and they have around them three or four portraits, which are there, nailed to the wall, and they look at them all day, until they come to fancy that those three or four faces see and love nobody but them. Perhaps it is a daughter who goes to balls every night, or a son who has money and wishes to enjoy it, or a nephew, like the speaker, who has nothing and wants to make his fortune. All this forbids that hearts should beat in unison. This is sad, but it is life; and so his friend Jean will see in what mood he was likely to receive the news of this event—he should say of this lamentable event. Here Jean remarks that he need not take the trouble to correct himself as they are alone. He proceeds to say that he had not a sou when his uncle died and left him 55,000 francs. And now he explains how he used this money to lay the foundation of a fortune. If he allowed it to be known that he had succeeded to this money he would have it, neither more nor less. So he said not a word about his uncle's death, wore mourning—or at least black with a white tie—when he went to balls and parties, and gave out that he had made money on the Bourse, and showed ready cash in confirmation of his words. People said "He has made 10,000 francs in three months! What a man of business—so active and at the same time so discreet. Nobody knows for whom he operates." People who believed in the success of his operations began to employ him to conduct their own, and so he soon made a large sum of money and established a good business on the Bourse. He had perceived long before that all he wanted to rise in the world was the shoulder of a neighbour—that is, to get people to believe in him—and now he had found the means. The speech in which Jean expresses his opinion of his old friend's plan is an admirable example of M. Léon Laya's style. We cannot help saying that in the part of Jean the author has done at least as much for the actor as the actor has done for him. "Think," says he, "of this good old man, the brother of thy mother, who endured for thee, during long years, a life of self-denial. He quits the world, leaving all his wealth to thee; and thou, his nephew and his heir, on whom gratitude, natural feeling, and religion impose the duty of honouring his memory, and preserving the recollection of his blameless life, by awakening in the hearts of his few surviving friends some tender feeling of regret—thou didst suppress all mention of his death, and didst make of his sacred bequest an instrument of fraud and falsehood! And this splendid idea thou didst conceive on the night of the very day which saw thee cast thy handful of earth into thy uncle's grave!" The hardened worldling's heart is not wholly insensible to this eloquent reproof. "I never saw it in that light," says Valette. "I know it well," answers Jean, "and that disturbs me. When one's best-loved friends go thus astray, it makes one ask where one is." Jean proceeds to draw a picture of what we should call in England respectability, which deserves attention. He has lived a good deal alone in Africa, and has formed in solitude views of society as it exists in France, which may probably surprise Valette. "We all know," says he, "what vice is; but you are not vicious, by no means. On the contrary, you are a nice young man, steady and industrious, seeking only to make for yourself a good position, and to marry a well-connected wife with a handsome fortune." In effect, black has become grey, or nearly white, and the raven might almost pass muster as a swan. It is needless to pursue the description further. The characters which are thus powerfully indicated in the first act maintain their contrast throughout the play. We have shown sufficiently that the art of dramatic composition survived in France down to the year 1859, when this play appeared. It is no small privilege to see such a play acted as it has been acted within this week, but we think that Londoners are asked to pay rather dearly for what we must at the same time declare to be a truly admirable performance.

REVIEWS.

DEAN MILMAN'S ESSAYS.*

DEAN MILMAN was a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and much of the work of his History of Latin Christianity was first sketched and prepared in the shape of articles. Where these articles have in substance reappeared in their proper place, and with their final revision, in the History, it would have been superfluous to republish them. But Dean Milman carried his study of Latin Christianity beyond the limits where his History ends, the middle of the fifteenth century. Had time and strength

been allowed him, we might have had a continuation of it to Tridentine and post-Tridentine times, not inferior in interest and value to the earlier portion. But this was not to be. He had, however, begun to collect his thoughts and shape his judgments on the religious history of Europe which succeeded to that of the middle ages, and to throw into outline his conception of some of its principal characters. These fragments, which first appeared in the *Quarterly*, are now collected and republished. The essays on Savonarola, on Erasmus, on the Popes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and on the fall of the Jesuits, form an imperfect continuation of the great completed History, but they bear the stamp of the same remarkable qualities which distinguish it from all ecclesiastical history that we are acquainted with. Besides these there are two essays on some of the questions, both of theory and practice, raised by the speculations and the progress of the Oxford movement, in which Dean Milman could only see an attempted revival of that mediæval religion with which he was familiar. The last paper in the volume is the last article contributed by him to the *Quarterly*, an article on "Pagan and Christian Sepulchres," occasioned by De Rossi's investigations at Rome, and inspired by the strong interest which a personal visit and a sight of these solemn memorials almost invariably creates.

The historical fragments make us regret that the finished picture which might have embodied them was never completed. Dean Milman's great and rare qualities were even perhaps more suited for the later history of the Church than for the earlier; and though we should be sorry to be without much of what he has done for the middle ages, we are not sure that we would not exchange it for the same amount of work on the time from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. An English history of the Reformation, its causes and its consequences, has yet to be written. Reminded as we are daily, and in all kinds of ways, of its good and its evil results, and sensible, as we cannot help being, of its overwhelming eventfulness, we yet fail to rise to the height of the historical phenomenon itself, and we see it treated on every side in ways which, either for eulogy or condemnation, narrow, vulgarize, and impoverish our ideas of it. Dean Milman's imagination and insight, his fearless courage, and his unusual combination of the strongest feelings about right and wrong with the largest equity, would have enabled him to handle this perplexed and difficult history in a manner in which no English writer has yet treated it. We do not say that he could be expected to be entirely successful. He wanted, what many of our most eminent teachers of the present day want, a due appreciation of the reality and depth of those eternal problems of religious thought and feeling which have made theology. Impatient, sometimes unduly so, of the attempted solutions, and keenly alive to the strange and grotesque look which they frequently presented side by side with the visible course and show of the world and life, he contemplated them without interest; and deeply stirred as he was by all that the strife about them brought out in the temper and character of the human agents, all that for the sake of them men did and felt and suffered, yet he instinctively turned away as much as he could from adventuring his thoughts very far into the perplexed debates themselves. Of course a history of religion which inadequately understands and estimates religious belief and doctrine, and the earnestness which desires above all things that it should be complete and true, cannot be a perfect one; an account, however excellent, of what is outward in the fortunes and conduct of a religious body, cannot make up for the neglect or superficial understanding of those inward and spiritual ideas and efforts which are its soul and life. Dean Milman would have been more at home with the men and the events of the Reformation than with the philosophy and theology of its disputes. The German, Italian, and English divines, the Popes and Cardinals and Jesuits, who met then in the "world's debate," would have risen before him as men, with their hopes and fears, their temptations and their policies, their greatness and their crimes, much more easily and much more really than he could have entered into the significance of the battles of their day about Justification or the Sacraments. A man must be able to do both, before the history of that great crisis in the fortunes of the world is duly set forth; but to have done the first as Dean Milman would have done it, so loftily, so intelligently, so fearlessly, so justly, would have given us a book which for the present we want. We must content ourselves with imagining the book he would have written from the sketches he has left us.

A sort of measure of Dean Milman's qualifications for dealing with religious history is given in these essays. He writes of Savonarola, of Erasmus, and then of the Popes, from those of the Riario and Borgia type to those of the Lambertini and Ganganelli order. They are all vigorous and brilliant studies, full of knowledge, full of historical grasp and intelligence, full of noble sympathy and noble scorn, full of regulated humour of all the shades from amused and compassionate playfulness to indignant sarcasm; kindling, as Dean Milman's wont was, from a style of often careless roughness into passages of powerful and finished eloquence. But he had to deal in them with subjects which were in unequal degrees congenial to him, and for which he was, and probably felt himself, unequally adapted. Savonarola was a subject which, if the character was to be treated with sympathy at all, needed, it seems to us, a subtler and more delicate power of entering into the mysterious conditions and experiences of the spiritual side of human life than the historian ever gave evidence of possessing. He opens his essay with the question, What was Savonarola? "hypocritical impostor? self-deluded fanatic? holy,

* *Savonarola, Erasmus, and other Essays.* By H. H. Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1870.

earnest-minded Christian preacher? heaven-commissioned prophet? wonder-working saint, all but canonized martyr? priestly demagogue? enlightened Christian patriot? rude iconoclast? purifier and elevator of art? "Had he more of St. Bernard, of Arnold of Brescia, of Gerson or of Wycliffe? was he the forerunner of Luther or of Loyola, of Knox or of St. Philip Neri, or of John of Leyden or our Fifth Monarchy men?" These are pertinent and inevitable questions, and questions which, if we only choose and keep one point of view, and pass by what interferes with it, it is not difficult to answer. It is as easy to make a case for Savonarola's profound Catholicism, or for his affinity to the Reformers, as it is to conclude with Bayle that he was an impostor, or with Roscoe that he was a disgusting fanatic. But the question, what was he in fact, in all the complexity of that real assemblage of qualities which his character and actions present, still remains for those who are not satisfied, in the presence of strange and difficult phenomena, with partial solutions of them. Dean Milman has marked the reality of the question, but we cannot say that he satisfies us that he has mastered the answer. The outward look of the scenes in which Savonarola moved, the words and deeds by which he disclosed himself among the men and circumstances of his time, are done full justice to; and so, too, is justice done to his heroic greatness, his moral purity, his genius, even his Catholic orthodoxy. "He died because he was a preacher of righteousness, in an age and Church at the very depths of unrighteousness." But his aim was "a monkish reformation" of a "Church which still professed monasticism to be the perfection of Christianity." If the Dean had said a "Puritan" reformation, he would have been nearer the mark; but then what is involved in the idea, in its widest sense, for which our most available word is "Puritanism"? Savonarola's monkery was an accident of his time; his Puritanism, no doubt, was of the essence of his mind and soul. It betrays an inadequate power of entering into Savonarola's strange and awful personality when a writer merely puts him before us as a great preacher of righteousness, spoiled by monastic Christianity; and the justice, insight, and sympathy with which part of the picture is rendered show that it was a defect of faculty and insight, not want of will, that hindered the execution of the rest.

Turn from Savonarola to Erasmus, and there we find at once that the writer is far more at home. Dean Milman has given perhaps the best and truest portrait that has ever been presented of a man who was even a more important person in the history of his time than Savonarola. Erasmus is indeed a "representative man"; the pattern and sample of those who, in days of impending change, sympathize deeply with what is new, while they are honestly and reasonably still as deeply attached to what is old. And Erasmus, in his division of interest between the old religion and the new learning, in his distraction of feeling between the intolerable abuses, which no one had branded so mercilessly as himself, of the old system, and the tremendous and unfathomable dangers which seemed to be revealing themselves in the changes which were at hand, in his vast and astonishing learning and his equally perfect and unflinching wit, in his daring courage and his cowardice, in his noble standard and aims, and the noble use to which he put his life, and in the strange mixture of self-indulgence and love of comfort—Erasmus, in his strength and his weakness, in his achievements, and in his perplexities and miscarriages, is put before us with a most just, and yet very generous feeling, by Dean Milman. And he is successful, because here he is able to put before us his subject as a whole. It is its completeness which satisfies and interests us. We feel that there is no part which is beyond the writer's range of view, and no part which he has left out of account. It is a conception, thoroughly understood and powerfully grasped, of a character which has been much oftener either superficially celebrated or superficially disparaged. If Dean Milman had attempted to write of Luther, or Ignatius Loyola, or even of Calvin, his success probably would have been more like his appreciation of Savonarola than of Erasmus. To the outward, stirring, visible facts of their career he would have been in the highest degree equal; but he would have failed to enter into the inward trials and struggles and dim ideas which bore fruit in the doctrine of Justification and the Company of Jesus, and he would probably have looked away in amused disgust from the metaphysics of Calvin. But when he comes to deal on a large scale with the results on the outward world of the silent and secret meditations of these mighty thinkers, on the forces which they set in array, not only in schools and pulpits but in cabinets and battle-fields, on their effects on the councils and policies of Popes and emperors and kings, on the way in which they remodelled Europe and directed the course of the world for ever, then all his aptitudes come into play. He will not allow either of the partisan views of these great religious conflicts and transformations. He looks at the whole field and its varying fortunes from a higher and more comprehensive point of view. He finds and points out, as much to the Protestant as to the Roman Catholic, a subject of the deepest interest in the wonderful and strangely mixed history of the Popes since the sixteenth century. He has given, for English readers, life and order and consecutiveness to what are to most of us the rather dry bones of Ranke. His three sketchy and rapid essays, based on the great German History of the Popes—for a great work it is in spite of its uninviting form—show us what a book we might have had from Dean Milman, to enlarge our ignorant and confined notions of religious history abroad, and to bring light into regions where prejudice

and delusion reign supreme. We would almost venture to say that if the truth had been better and more generally known in England about the modern religious history of the Roman Church, if the Popes had been known to us as Ranke has shown them, as men, often interesting men, with their human good and evil, instead of as vague general impersonations of some ill defined but shocking wickedness, we should not have had so much stupid fanaticism about Popery, but neither could the dream have arisen and taken root in intelligent minds that at Rome there was a divine and supernatural system, different from all earthly ruling and statesmanship in its purity of purpose and its heavenly wisdom, which made the communion which it governed an exception to all the ordinary rules of human experience. If people had duly learned that the Popes of Rome were, as statesmen, not very different from the lay statesmen with whom they contended or allied themselves, and, as ecclesiastical authorities, not worse than the great ecclesiastical authorities of the same period in England or Scotland, it would not have been so easy to fly round to the opposite extravagance, that they are something infinitely better, and belonging to a different order of things.

These historical fragments are the most important portions of the volume. The essay on Pagan and Christian Sepulchres is interesting, but from Dean Milman we should almost have expected it to be more so. The other two papers are controversial. One is a criticism of Dr. Newman's Essay on Development; the other is a warning, derived from the apparent results of the French Church system, against supposed Anglican attempts to introduce or imitate it at home, especially in the matter of confession. They are marked by the writer's ability, acuteness, and breadth of view; they fail, it seems to us, as it is likely they would fail, in really getting to the bottom of the questions they treat. The obvious difficulties of Dr. Newman's argument, the obvious dangers and evils attending on any discipline of confidential relations between clergy and people, the indefensible absurdities of some of the disciples of the Oxford movement, especially when in their transition state, are strongly and not uncandidly put; but the subtleties of Dr. Newman's view, which perplexed himself even when he was most sensible to its apparent charms and attractions, elude Dean Milman's grasp, and it is not all religious minds which would be satisfied with the standard of religious thought, affection, or effort with which he himself would probably have been content. Both the essays, though there are passages in them of great force and permanent interest, carry us back many years, to 1845 and 1846. It is curious, in one of them which is based on Michelet's book on the Priest and the Family, to notice the observations of a well-informed man at that time on French morality and French prospects. Michelet had written that the Family was the only hope of France, and that the Family was in danger from priestly influence. Dean Milman draws attention to his allegations and his fears; states what seemed the then condition and character of France; and leaves it to the future to cast light on the influences then at work. "For the first time," he notices, "in later French history (must we not ascend almost to St. Louis for an earlier precedent of this moral phenomenon?) the Court of France has set the high example of domestic virtue." He remarks that "if statesmen whom he could name as examples of every amiable, as well as of every high and honourable virtue, may not represent their whole class, yet at least they are not represented by the Richelieus" of Louis XV.'s time, and that domestic virtue has greatly improved both in the upper class and in the bourgeoisie, at that time the actual rulers of France. What then might be looked for as the result? Was the reign of order beginning?

That this revolution should not continue; that the future history of France should not be like that which Louis Blanc has written—or rather that which Louis Blanc would wish to write—not a succession of Republican abortions, of wild conspiracies against all order and government, of St. Simonianism, of Fourierism, and every other strange scheme for the entire regeneration of society; nay, worse, of actual convulsion and sanguinary strife—not an eternal anarchy, a chronic state of dissolution, till the weary world yearns for the peace of some strong despotism—the one guarantee for all this is, under God, the Family.

This was the prospect and the problem in 1845. Dean Milman himself, and we still more, have seen what has been the reality. To what is it attributable? Were Michelet's complaints of the disintegrating influence of the French clergy on families and households really borne out by facts? or have family truth and purity been mined and dissolved by another set of forces very different from anything wielded by the clergy? Perhaps the *Univers*, and soberer and wiser people than those whom the *Univers* represents, would have some sharp recriminations on Michelet himself. But after all that has happened, under the Empire and since its fall, we note with increased interest the anxieties felt as far back as 1845, by competent observers, about the dangers and weakness of French family life.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES YOUNG.*

THIS is a book which was not cast in a mould, but has grown to its present dimensions gradually. It was first to be a short skeleton memoir of Charles Young; it was then to incorporate

* A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young, A.M., Rector of Ilmington. 2 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

extracts from the writer's personal journal, and to be a single octavo volume; it has now developed into two. Few people will quarrel with what was, under the circumstances, a very natural expansion. Mr. Julian Young, the only child and now the biographer of the tragedian, is a clergyman well advanced in years. As the son of his father, he began life with unusually wide introductions among people of genius and people of rank. During more than forty years past he has been thrown into contact with most of those whose names "have fitted through the mouths of men"; his double connexion with the Church and the world has given him remarkable facilities for observation; and being a capital raconteur, he has produced a thoroughly entertaining book. It is not, to be sure, without its faults; few books are; but the faults are mostly of the kind inevitable to a journal, and criticism is more than half disarmed by a modest appeal to the generosity of the public, which would be almost naïve in a man of less experience, but which is thoroughly becoming in the present instance.

In a book so full of anecdote as this, it is a little startling to be informed in the preface that many anecdotes are told on the strength of a memory for which the writer will not always vouch. But there is no real cause for want of confidence. The fact is that in the region of anecdote Mr. Young speaks *ex cathedra*, and sits rather severely upon himself. He knows to a nicety what an anecdote may be, and what it should be; he also knows when verification is imperative. In the accessories of a ghost story, or the minor details of an anecdote which centres round a *bon mot*, some latitude is readily conceded; but whenever, through these volumes, verification is required, pains have been taken that it shall be forthcoming. Some readers will complain, we think unreasonably, that scarcely a fifth of the entire book has been directly allotted to the memoir; others, with more reason, will hold that a few barren records of dinner-parties or stages of foreign travel might well have been dispensed with, and that stories have here and there been dragged in by the shoulders. But in a book of this kind a man must do things in his own way or not at all; and Mr. Julian Young's delinquencies are nowhere flagrant. Meanwhile he has contrived to bring out a narrative often as detailed as Peppys, as versatile and lifelike as Boswell, and as full of recent personal interest as Crabb Robinson, with much higher execution and general tone.

Nearly forty years have passed since Charles Young bade farewell to the stage; nearly fifty since he played Iago to Edmund Kean's Othello at Drury Lane; nearly sixty since the great days at Covent Garden, when John Kemble was the representative of Brutus, Charles Kemble of Antony, Mrs. Siddons of Portia, Terry of Casca, and Young of Cassius. But he is not forgotten. He was not a man of first-rate, irresistible genius; nor has his son ever tried to represent him as such. Yet he was one of those men who do for the public taste what men of first-rate genius often fail to do. He cared less for "hits" than for dramatic harmony, more for truth than for stage tips; and his whole nature was lofty and well balanced. "I tell you what," Edmund Kean said, when they first met on the boards of Drury Lane, "Young is not only an actor, such as I never dreamed him to be; but he is a gentleman as well." He was one of three sons of a London surgeon, able and distinguished, but so thorough a domestic ruffian that the three lads—the youngest hardly out of his teens—removed their mother to the shelter of an aunt's house. All three did excellently well in life. The eldest became a London doctor of high reputation (he is the George Young of Crabb Robinson's Diary); the youngest made a fortune as a West India merchant; the second was Charles, the actor. When only a boy of ten, being sent for a year to his aunt, wife of the Court physician at Copenhagen, he grew to be the favourite of the whole Royal family of Denmark. He was more with the King than with his uncle; and received presents and autograph letters in abundance on returning home to be placed at Eton. Renowned in the playing-fields at school, he retained through life his active habits, and when the managers were playing stock pieces, and there was no need of rehearsal, he was generally to be seen following the hounds. He first appeared professionally at Liverpool, as Douglas, in 1798; and next year he was leading at Manchester, and afterwards at Glasgow. It was in 1804 that he first fell in, at Liverpool, with Julia Grimani, who had been engaged for the principal female characters. Descended from the Venetian Grimani, who counted five Doges on the family roll, she had been the favoured *protégée* of Lord and Lady Suffolk; and, after declining from the highest motives an offer of marriage from their son, Lord Andover, she had gone on the stage about a year before falling in with Charles Young. At Bath and other places she is said to have made a strong impression, especially as Miss Richland, and as Virginia in *Paul and Virginia*; and, at the fag end of the Haymarket season in 1804, she had attracted great notice as Juliet and Lady Teazle. She married Young in 1805; and in 1806 she died after the birth of their only child, the present biographer. "Thank God I shall soon see my Julia again" were, a long fifty years later, among the last words of her husband. The record of her early years, and of her remarkable father, Gaspar Grimani, is full of lively interest; and the story of her thirteen months of unbroken wedded happiness, and of the weeping birch-tree in Prestwich churchyard that caught her eye in one of their many country strolls, and under which, with a kind of prescience, she begged to be buried, is excellently written by Mr. Julian Young. He is a biographer of the older school; and his estimates of what his father was, and what his mother might have become, could scarcely have been conceived in better taste.

Charles Young's London career lasted barely five-and-twenty years. He began at the Haymarket, in 1807, with the character of Hamlet. George Colman was the manager, and Mr. Julian Young adds to the interest of these volumes by throwing into the narrative not only some capital letters of Colman's, but bits of fresh criticism from eminent contemporaries, like the passage in Byron's letter, "Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman; Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for everything," &c. Young backed his own genuine talent by unflagging industry, and that same season he was playing Don Felix, Osmond, Rolla, Penraddock, Petruchio, The Stranger, and Sir Edward Mortimer in Colman's own play of the *Iron Chest*. In 1812 came the great revival of *Julius Cæsar* at Covent Garden, and ten years later Young was receiving 50*l.* a night with Edmund Kean at Drury Lane. The original agreement was that they should play alternate parts, one night Kean to take Othello and Young Iago, the next night *vice versa*. But, after the first performance, Kean was found "storming about the house" in search of Price the manager, and by Young's consent got the agreement altered. "Every one about me," he said, "told me Young could not hold a farthing rushlight to me; but he can! . . . Tell him he has just made as great a hit in Iago as I ever did in Othello." It is odd, and it is one of many points which in so detailed a narrative have naturally escaped Mr. Julian Young's notice, that Charles Lamb, in praising Bensley's Iago, "the only endurable one he ever remembered to have seen," says nothing of his own younger contemporary. His silence may be accidental, yet in 1822 Charles Lamb was probably still a playgoer, and wanted at any rate three years of becoming "The Superannuated Man." Before quitting the stage, in 1832, Young had returned to Covent Garden, and late in his career he had an original part written for him by Miss Mitford in the play of *Rienzi*, as Kean had had in Fazio, and Macready in *Virginia*, both by Sheridan Knowles. Here again the narrative is relieved by a short and delightful series of Miss Mitford's letters, and by and by there come one or two most characteristic epistles from Charles Mathews the elder. The noble traits of Young's personal character, his purity and elevation, his genial and manly ways, his open-handed liberality, are told with great charm of detail, but without anything bordering on ostentation. For two-and-thirty years an annuity was regularly paid by him to a poor Magdalen whom he had rescued from the streets outside Covent Garden theatre; and like a Magdalen she lived and died, working usefully among the poor, owing no man anything, and always finding something to spare out of her own slender income. Her last words invoked a blessing on her benefactor. And he was indeed a man to deserve it. "In many homes," his son writes with well-placed enthusiasm, "where family life and the pure rule of motherhood were seen in all their sacred beauty, Charles Young was welcomed as a trusted friend and adviser. His long exposure to the corrupting influences of the theatre had never soiled the purity and innocence of his mind and heart. No Galahad ever wore a whiter shield." By the side of his sick bed in his last years there was a little mahogany table with an ever-opening drawer, into which the large white hand would be continually thrust, with a "What will ye have?" and "Mind ye, let me know when ye want more for the poor creatures." It is no wonder that, after the lapse of forty years, there are still those who remember with enthusiasm the effect of such a man upon the stage. If he had less brilliant power than Kean (and the perfectly dispassionate estimates of Mr. Julian Young on this subject might be studied not without benefit by Kean's latest biographer), he was yet no copyist, either of Kemble or of any other, and was as free from slavery to convention as he was alien to anything like sensational effects. He was a true and genuine artist; his whole professional work was sound, for it was "sane with the heart's sanity"; and Siddons never had a worthier colleague than she had in Charles Young.

Mr. Julian Young sums up a commendation of John Mitchell Kemble by calling him the college friend of Mr. Tennyson. He might have summed up his own father's merits by saying that he was the valued friend of Walter Scott. Their characters had many points in common, and Young was nowhere more warmly welcomed than at Abbotsford. A visit to Scott forms one of the many pleasant points in the very pleasant journal which follows the memoir. We have already spoken of its few faults; its merits are much too varied and subtle to be conveyed in a summary. It is not a barren record of facts, but a vivid and kindly chronicle of life and manners, and men and minds, running over the last half-century. It is the talk and gossip and anecdote, grave and gay, of a man who came to his maturity before we were all living intellectually too fast; yet of a man who, while looking wistfully back upon the past, does not cut himself off from the thoughts and interests of the present. To name the *dramatis personæ* who fit as it were across the stage or linger on it, would be to draw up a list of most of the famous people since George III.'s reign, and it is hard to say what subjects do not get touched on sooner or later. Ghost stories, remarks on wages, knotty discussions on Wellington tactics, with rare anecdotes about the Duke, reminiscences of the invasion panic, striking details about Beckford, foreign travel, Irish affairs, are all mixed up with the raciest portraits of odd people, and records of odd events. An inherited dramatic turn has been of great service in some really delightful sketches, like that of the excellent parish clerk, Hinton, who used to write to Mrs. Young as "Charus Domina," and signed himself "Rusticus Sacrista"; or that of the squire in Mr. Young's parish of long

ago who had but one room in his house where order and economy was attempted. This was a stone-flagged chamber near the dining-room, where was a huge barrel of strong beer, with a spigot seldom resting; and an injunction was pasted up outside in these words, "Shut the door after you—and mind you turn the tap home—quite—before leaving." Even here, however, a constant drip, drip, revealed that there was no place in which the shiftless master's orders were regarded. The stories, whether mythical or historical, are often exquisitely told; and the personal descriptions of Scott, Edward Irving, Coleridge, and Wordsworth are of a quality now very rare. Mr. Young once followed Irving up Highgate Hill and saw him turn in at Gilman's door. He was going to sit with Coleridge. As he passed along the street, with towering height and superb figure, "there was not a soul that passed him who did not stop to look at him." His gesture in the pulpit was "free, spirited, and yet not redundant":—

Those who do not mind how cold pulpit addresses are, provided dignity is not sacrificed, would have called it theatrical; but it was natural to him, his action suiting the words, and by its appropriateness helping to interpret them. . . . I never saw anything, on the stage or off, on canvas or out of it, so awakening as the manner in which—after having spoken of our Lord as the Fount of living waters, and after telling his auditory that one of the greatest requisites was thirst (after righteousness), and that all, without distinction of colour, class, or creed, were welcome to go to Him and drink—he threw up both his long, nervous arms, the drapery of his gown hanging from them in ample toga-like folds, and cried out with the voice of a herald, and with a smile radiant with the sense of the Divine benevolence in empowering him to deliver such a proclamation—"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

The personal anecdotes of Bowles and Moore are full of amusement or of deeper interest; there is a rare specimen given of Theodore Hook's improvisation; and Mr. Young's adventures on Salisbury Plain with Charles Mathews are inimitably related. But, as was said before, no summary will describe the book. Before closing it, however, we must find room for a description of two famous men, which perhaps for completeness is among the very best things in the journal, but which gives a just idea of Mr. Young's usual manner in narrative. He was staying at a large château at Godesberg on the Rhine, and had been told overnight that some guests were expected next day whom he would be glad to meet. Some time before luncheon he was sitting in a large saloon, and trying to improve a sketch, when

an old gentleman entered, with a large quarto volume beneath his arm, whom I at once concluded to be one of the anonymous gentry about whose personality there had been so much mystery. As he entered, I rose, and bowed. Whether he was conscious of my well-intentioned civility I cannot say, but at all events he did not return my salutation. He appeared preoccupied with his own cogitations. I began to conjecture what manner of man he was. His general appearance would have led me to suppose him a dissenting minister. His hair was long, white, and neglected; his complexion was florid, his features were square, his eyes watery and hazy, his brow broad and massive, his build uncouth, his deportment grave and abstracted. He wore a white starchless neckcloth tied in a limp bow, and was dressed in a shabby suit of dusky black. His breeches were unbuttoned at the knee, his sturdy limbs were encased in stockings of lavender-coloured worsted, his feet were thrust into well-worn slippers, much trodden down at heel. In this ungainly attire he paced up and down, and down and up, and round and round a saloon, sixty feet square, with head bent forward, and shoulders stooping, absently musing, and muttering to himself, and occasionally clutching to his side his ponderous tome, as if he feared it might be taken from him. I confess my young spirit chafed under the wearing quarter-deck monotony of his promenade, and, stung by the cool manner in which he ignored my presence, I was about to leave him in undisputed possession of the field, when I was diverted from my purpose by the entrance of another gentleman, whose kindly smile, and courteous recognition of my bow, encouraged me to keep my ground, and promised me some compensation for the slight put upon me by his precursor. He was dressed in a brown-holland blouse; he held in his left hand an alpenstock (on the top of which he had placed the broad-brimmed "wide-awake" he had just taken off), and in his right a sprig of apple-blossom overgrown with lichen. His cheeks were glowing with the effects of recent exercise. So noiseless had been his entry, that the peripatetic philosopher, whose back was turned to him at first, was unaware of his presence. But no sooner did he discover it than he shuffled up to him, grasped him by both hands, and backed him bodily into a neighbouring arm-chair. Having secured him safely there, he "made assurance doubly sure," by hanging over him, so as to bar his escape, while he delivered his testimony on the fallacy of certain of Bishop Berkeley's propositions, in detecting which, he said, he had opened up a rich vein of original reflection. Not content with cursory criticism, he plunged profoundly into a metaphysical lecture, which, but for the opportune intrusion of our fair hostess and her young lady friend, might have lasted until dinner time. It was then, for the first time, I learned who the party consisted of; and I was introduced to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and his daughter Dora.

That sort of writing is not so common now that we need abstain from cordially thanking Mr. Julian Young for a journal which contains much of it, to say nothing of its other merits and of his father's memoir. Few people will read without sympathy his modest and touching "Envoye," which indicates in brief space and fitting phrase the aim and intention of the whole book. Its concluding words are these:—

The light is falling fast with me. Memory gives back dimmer pictures than of old. Imagination waxes cooler. The laughter-loving nature flags. And therefore, before the heavy curtain drops between my mind's eye and the long road I have been allowed to tread, I have endeavoured to recall some few scenes of the merry days when I was young, and to sketch, with faltering though with loving touch, some outlines of the men who made those days so memorable.

The author of these outlines will not be forgotten by those of his countrymen whose remembrance he would most wish to retain.

THE NEXT GENERATION.*

IF Mr. Maguire's volumes may be taken as a fair specimen of the novel of the next generation, there is every reason to believe that our posterity will turn for amusement to more solid literature. It is quite possible, indeed, that we may hardly do its merits justice, although that is very much the author's fault. He has chosen to project his talent into a comparatively distant future, and to conjure up a state of society in absolute antagonism to our ingrained prejudices. Popular novelists, as a rule, are content with the ephemeral fame that wanes as fast as it waxes. The laurels that are wreathed to-day are withered to-morrow; the writers live in the day, and care as little for the future as a childless man who has discarded his relatives and outlived his affections. Consequently, they shoot our short-lived follies as they fly, and exert themselves to photograph the ideas and fashions of the hour. Mr. Maguire has chosen differently. He has moved on in advance of his age, and possibly may hope to garner his harvest when his contemporaries are forgotten. We are certain of this, that subscribers to the circulating libraries in this season of 1871 will find it hard work to struggle through a story whose far-fetched scenes are laid twenty years later. It is only natural it should be so. Mr. Maguire hit upon an idea that might possibly have turned to a brilliant success if extraordinary genius had combined with marvellous felicity of treatment. But then the obstacles in the way of success were wellnigh insuperable. *Gulliver's Travels* surprised the applause of a former age, and passed into the ranks of an English classic, because a master of humour and satire told a wondrous tale with an air of realism which turned hard-headed adults into credulous children. Giants and dwarfs, flying islands, and horses of human thought and speech, belong to a world of fancy familiarized to us by our childish memories and associations. We lend ourselves placidly to the bewitching influence of the spell, and the "once upon a time" that strikes the keynote finds a genial audience willing to be deluded and delighted. But politics, and above all the politics of our crotchets—mongers—the very idea of making them the staple of a story revolts the habitual novel-reader who has relaxed the fibre of his flaccid mind with a long course of nerveless fiction. The Parliamentary reports stale terribly upon all save those whom high-souled philanthropy or deep personal interests elevate to earnestness; but who ever reads those debates on the off nights when amiable monomaniacs gallop their hobbies full in the face of common sense, and trample under foot the most cherished traditions of the English Constitution? Well, Mr. Maguire lays the scene of his novel, as we say, in the year 1891. The progress of generations has been condensed into these twenty years, and the British Empire has passed at express pace from the sublime to the ridiculous. How far Mr. Maguire means his story for an extravagant squib, how far for a statesmanlike forecast of the admirable and inevitable, we are not prepared to say. For doubtless, to our jaundiced mind, his characters lend themselves to ridicule at every turn, and we fancy he means us to laugh and laughs with us. But then, on the other hand, we recognise in his imaginary Utopia the fulfilment of certain day dreams fondly cherished by the member for Cork. A federal Parliament is sitting in Dublin; conciliation has crowned the edifice of Liberal legislation, and discharged cornucopious blessings on the Emerald Isle. The country smiles in rich plenty; the Protestant clergyman works hand in hand with the Popish priest; the landlords, tenants, and day-labourers form a kind of co-operative society, whose common object is the common weal. But above all, in Ireland and the world, woman has won her fitting place in the social scale; she abuses her legitimate influence by supplementing intellect with personal charms; she continually reduces the argument for her emancipation to the absurd by treading on the very verge of the proprieties, and overstepping the margin of possibilities. Yet Mr. Maguire makes one of the most solid of his male characters chant a grave psalm of triumph over the new state of things, and on the whole he leaves us disposed to believe that he is content to let the frock-coat finally give place to the gown, for strong-minded or lovely woman will bear no divided empire.

The Next Generation is a political novel; a novel political *ad nauseam*. For it is a novel of technical politics, and reminds one of that professional fiction of Sydney Smith which never passed out of the embryo stage, when he suggested a rector for hero, a beadle for confidant, clandestine correspondence concealed in the hassocks, &c. &c. *The Next Generation* is redolent of St. Stephen's. Its stage is sufficiently crowded, and the great bulk of the prominent personages have seats in the House. The interest of the story centres round the two rival whips, the whip Ministerial and the whip of the Opposition. One and the other are young ladies of extraordinary attractions of manner and person; of rare gifts of mind as well. The fashion of the fascination they exert on susceptible waverers on either side may be imagined. And this is precisely illustrative of the glaring defect of the story as a work of art. In common courtesy to the author we must assume a substratum of the serious. He gives his heroines their feminine weaknesses and affections, and invites our sympathy and admiration for them, as he makes them gravitate towards the family hearth, the natural destiny of the old-fashioned female Tory. Yet, if we take them seriously, they revolt and disgust us at every turn.

* *The Next Generation*. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1871.

What should we say of the delicacy of the young girl who intrigues for the votes of a promiscuous gathering of *roués*, vulgarians, and men prone to misconstrue, who exchanges "chaff" with supporters she encourages, and yet keeps her dignity and makes them keep their distance; who whips for debates on all questions, and has to sully her purity with any matter of morality, or immorality, that may be brought before the House. Absurd, of course, is the answer; you are like Sydney Smith's Scotchman, and show yourself densely impervious to Mr. Maguire's Irish humour. But, absurd or not, we are reduced to a dilemma out of which we see no way of extrication. If Mr. Maguire is writing a burlesque, what becomes of all the sentimental byplay which we are clearly intended to sympathise with? How can we possibly keep up a sustained interest in the personages of a story when the author himself is continually reminding us they are myths? Post-date, a political squib by a score of years, and we can understand it. Mix it up with absurdly improbable love affairs, tell a touching story of a woman and her husband ruined by vices as familiar to all time as are drunkenness and gambling, and we are bored to death, because illusion is out of the question.

The collapse of France in the collision with Germany is said to have demonstrated a surprisingly rapid deterioration in all that goes to make the reputation of a nation. We can only say that we find a parallel phenomenon in the case of England, as set out in the pages of *The Next Generation*. If woman comes forward, it is because man recedes. Selina Bates is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and fills that responsible post to the admiration even of her political opponents. On one occasion she makes a speech on a question of opium, which has been made a Ministerial one. Mr. Maguire reports her carefully, at great length, and through very many pages. The report of the great oration is freely interlarded with the "cheers" she drew from both sides; in fact, that telling eloquence, acting on the impulsive feminine natures that listened to it, actually "influenced votes." Well, we are content to refer to the original report in Maguire, and ask impartial amateurs of Parliamentary oratory what they think of the speech. We question much if Mr. Bright, or even Mr. Lowe, would care to have such a speech go down to "the new generation," among the bursts of oratory on which they base their posthumous fame. To us it seems that Mrs. Bates has changed her spindle for a bludgeon in place of a rapier. She does not dart the keen thrust that kills, but deals dull blow on blow with a woman's faulty reiteration; she shrieks and clamours out coarse invective, without a thought of argument or a touch of sarcasm. We recall the stereotyped street retort, "you're another," that is supposed to clinch every debate, and Mrs. Bates's eloquence very strongly reminds us of it:—

There, sir, are our proofs . . . and I ask where are yours (loud cheering). Yes, where are yours? (renewed cheering). You say, you have them. Who are they, or where are they? (cheers). Partisan writers in Opposition newspapers, and anonymous slanderers (cries of oh, oh! and vehement cheers)—I repeat, for I like to be clearly understood (laughter), anonymous slanderers (cheers), clumsy slanderers who, like the silly ostrich . . . Foolish persons, it were better for them that they had imitated the examples of their associates in calumny, &c. &c.

Such are some excerpts taken almost at random from the brilliant speech of the great gun of the Government, which brought down—or will bring down—the House in 1891. It created profound sensation among foes as among friends, and all of them were familiar with the previous efforts of the orator. When she sat down, "The tumult of applause was so great, the commotion throughout the House so universal, that the Speaker, finding it quite impossible to restore immediate order, prudently quitted the chair for a time," &c. "Never was there remembered such eager handshaking, such warmth of congratulation." "Mrs. Grimshaw said nothing, but quietly pressed the hand of her friend." "Mrs. Ditchley expressed her admiration somewhat in the language of Edmund Burke, and with the manner of Sarah Siddons." "Fanny Silverbright would have rushed into the Chancellor's arms." "Dear Mrs. Bates, how proud I am! was all that Dora Hingston said; but in that there was a volume of meaning." It must be owned that Mr. Maguire gives the cue to his critics, and his Parliamentary experience gives no uncertain sound for them to chime in with in applauding the great opium speech of his imaginary lady Chancellor. We do not appreciate the vigorous-tongued Mrs. Bates as we suppose we ought to do, and yet we must say we prefer her to the cool Colonel Macnamara, who takes London society by storm on his return from the new Vice-royalty of China that we have won by arms and diplomacy. He goes to an evening party, falls in love at first sight, and in his Irish impulsiveness is on the point of proposing to his partner after a single dance, when an ill-timed interruption prevents him. He goes to a dinner party of London men of wit and fashion, takes the lead in the talk and keeps it all through the entertainment. The company suppress themselves and play into his hands; hang with angelic patience on his prolix prosings, and push civility so far as to pretend to be immensely entertained by them. Mr. Maguire would seem to imply that we had not only conquered but discovered the Celestial Empire, from the ignorance that prevails on the subject of that country and its institutions, and the thirst for knowledge about the commonest things connected with it. The Colonel lectures at length on the lights he has gathered during his garrison experiences. He brightens up his lecture with sparkling and original anecdote. He throws off thus:—"The Chinese are perhaps the best cooks in the world. We had a fellow in our service

so clever, that it was believed he could make a ragoût from a morsel of leather belt, in fact from anything or nothing." Then he talks through four mortal pages of a nightmare he experienced after eating turtle soup and sucking opium—and he is listened to. He goes on to out-Munchausen Munchausen, although without the *verve* or originality of the Baron, and he is not only listened to, but applauded. Although one or two of the shrewd ones are understood to be in the conspiracy, and encourage the Colonel to further feats with the long-bow by affected credulity and interest, yet he is supposed to impose upon the rest, some of whom are not merely sane, but scientific. In short, we incline to the charitable idea that Mr. Maguire, sitting down to turn our world topsy-turvy, and write a political extravaganza, got thoroughly confused himself, and has been betrayed into unintentional travesties of social life as well. At least one part of his novel is pretty nearly as unreal as another, and he writes fiction in spite of himself, even when he appears to intend no flight of fancy.

THE PATHÁN KINGS OF DEHLI.*

TO the true historical student no documents which bear upon his own portion of the wide field of history will be unwelcome. But of this vast field not all parts have the same interest; and the Chronicles of the Pathan sovereigns of Hindustan are probably not to be reckoned among the most attractive even of Eastern annals. Among the forty kings whose names make up the list of the Pathan Sultans, not one appears with the reputation of Ælfred or the great Karl, or of the great generals and kings by whom the latest of them were overthrown or succeeded. The name of Shams-ud-den-Altamah, one of the most conspicuous among them, is a sound almost unfamiliar to many for whom Baber and Akbar are living and moving men. The most marked periods of their history are those in which they are assailed by foreign conquerors, and from the inroads of Changis Khan (for yet again we must, it seems, take to a new spelling of old names) we meet with but little to rouse our attention till we come to the conquests of Timur, and to events more stirring, when Baber slays the Pathan Sultan Sikandar on the battle-field of Paniput.

To impart anything like a general interest to the somewhat wearisome annals of the kings who, with whatever degree of power, called themselves Sultans of Hindustan from the close of the twelfth century to the middle of the sixteenth, would be a task calling for no common amount of historical ability; but it is no part of Mr. Thomas's object in the present volume to furnish any such narrative. Where the reigns of these sultans are so insignificant that their story may be told in a few lines or sentences, he tells the tale as it might be given by a contemporary chronicler; but in all cases in which this plan would occupy too much space he contents himself with placing before us a tabular summary of events—the main bulk of the book being devoted to a description of the coinage of each sovereign, and to accounts, certainly not less interesting or valuable, of the nature and extent of the revenues of two great rulers, Baber and Akbar, who were, it is superfluous to say, not Pathan sultans at all.

Still, for those who wish really to understand the position and the history of these illustrious kings and statesmen, the history of their less glorious predecessors becomes a subject demanding its fair share of attention; and Mr. Thomas is justified in saying that, although these chronicles may fail to attract the general reader, they cannot be neglected by those who interest themselves in the real welfare of India, "and who," he adds, "are prepared to recognise the pervading influence of the past upon the possible future of the land Great Britain has accepted as a profitable heritage, without any very clear conception of associate responsibilities." What these last words may mean, it is not easy to see. If we may interpret them as simply asserting that property has its duties as well as its rights, we may readily admit that, if the chronicles of the Pathan kings can help Englishmen to govern India better, the time spent in studying them will not be thrown away.

But although it is impossible that any who are not technical numismatists can work their way through the whole of this treatise, which further assumes an intimate knowledge of Turanian and Iranian Persian, the volume still contains a vast amount of information on the coinage circulating in the Indian peninsula from a time almost as far removed from us as the Norman Conquest of England, and records many facts which have an important bearing even on the present economical condition of the country. The volume itself has its history. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Thomas published a monograph on the coins of the Pathan Sultans of Hindustan, long since out of print; a supplement written a few years later, relating to perishable materials which seem to have been lost during the Mutiny, can scarcely be said to have been published at all. As time went on, the author's materials were so far increased in extent and value that he felt himself compelled to rewrite the work in a form less technical than his former monograph on the Pathan coins, or his later treatise on the Initial Coinage of Bengal. The difference between the present work and its predecessors lies in the effort "to make numismatics applicable in their larger and better sense to the

* *The Chronicles of the Pathán Kings of Dehli; illustrated by Coins, Inscriptions, and other Antiquarian Remains.* By Edward Thomas, late of the East India Company's Bengal Civil Service, Member of the Asiatic Societies of Bengal, London, and Paris. London: Trübner & Co. 1871

many collateral questions they chance to touch, equally pressing into the service all available external aids to history, for which the laxity of Oriental tradition gives even too many openings." This purpose of illustrating the history of each reign by its coinage is specially favoured by the practice of these sovereigns, by which the whole surface of their coins was devoted "to legends which, among other occasionally significant indications, record at length the style and titles of the monarch, the date of coinage, and the name of the mint; thus affording direct evidence to three distinct facts—the existence of the sovereign as such, the epoch at which he reigned, and the country over which he was king." The other material aids of which Mr. Thomas has availed himself are, as we might suppose, of two kinds—inscriptions on buildings, and the narratives of contemporary writers. The selections from the latter are confined to a few short quotations; the former in some instances furnish, together with the coinage, a significant illustration of the real history of the time. On the minar or column of the second king of the Pathan dynasty, the recognised titles of Kutb-ud-din are still legible; but no purely Indian money exists bearing his stamp, and the question arises whether during his short reign of five years this king really issued coin in his own name. On this point Mr. Thomas hesitates to speak positively, but the explanation which he gives of the possible motives of Kutb amply suffice to prove that the absence of such coins is no matter for astonishment. While acting as Viceroy for the first Pathan king, Muhammad bin Sam, or Muhammad Ghorî, Kutb naturally issued the money of his government in the name of his master. But it is evident, Mr. Thomas urges,

that a stray and subdued boast on an isolated building in distant Delhi, or an unwritten claim to allegiance from a still more distantly detached commander, whose first equipment was clearly due to his organization, were far less hazardous proceedings than the easily proven treason of coining money in his own name, specimens of which, carrying his obvious condemnation, might have reached his Royal master by the very speedy transport of Indian runners. When he himself at last ascended the throne at Lahôr, his circumstances do not seem to have been very prosperous; all the available wealth of India had already been concentrated at Ghazni, and he himself was possessed of an exaggerated propensity to Eastern magnificence, which earned for him the title of *Lah Bahah*, "giver of Laks," and *Hatim Sani*, "a second Hatim Tâi," which was anything but calculated to leave him an overflowing treasury.

The unlucky son of Kutb was, after a few months' reign, dethroned by the man who became perhaps the most important of all the Pathan sultans. The power of Altamsh (or whatever the right spelling of his name may be, or its origin) extended over almost every portion of Hindustan; and that in his case the power was something more than nominal is attested by the fact that he received a diploma of investiture from the Khalif of Baghdâd, this being the earliest notice taken by the viceregerents of the prophet of this new Indo-Muhammadan kingdom. Facts such as these have a special value in the history of a dynasty the power of whose sovereigns was subject to strange fluctuations, as the power of the provincial governors, or the spirit of the people, rose or fell. It followed naturally, in Mr. Thomas's words, "that among the multifarious tenures and the many changes Imperialism was constantly liable to, one general rule of absolutism prevailed—that the length of the sword was the limit of the sway." So far as regarded his son, the fortune of Altamsh was not more happy than that of the first Pathan king. After a reign of six months Rukn-ud-din, by his death, left the throne vacant for the sister whom his father had openly pronounced to be the worthier heir, and whose coins proclaim her, not as the Sultana, but, like the King of the Hungarians Maria Theresa, the Sultan Rîzâh. Brave as Tomyris, this queen, it must be added, was, if not unhappy, at least unfortunate in her love.

A century and a half later Muhammad bin Tughlak experienced no better fortune for the forced currency which was to make his brass equivalent to other men's silver. After an interesting account of the circumstances and motives which prompted this great scheme, Mr. Thomas tells us that Tughlak's officers of the Mint worked with precisely the same tools as the ordinary workmen, and operated upon a metal, so to say, universally available. There was no special machinery to mark the difference of the fabric of the Royal Mint and the handwork of the moderately-skilled artisan. Unlike the precautions taken to prevent the imitation of the Chinese paper-notes, there was positively no check upon the authenticity of the copper token, and no limit to the power of production by the masses at large. Under such circumstances it is only strange that the new currency should have run so long a course as the three consecutive years (or one full year, with portions of the first and last) the record of which we find on their surfaces.

The concluding pages, which are perhaps the most instructive in the volume, give the several items of the revenues of the great Akbar, together with the average prices of provisions in his reign. The Appendix submits to stringent tests the conjectured amount of the revenues of Baber, and furnishes a valuable comparison of the revenues of India at nine different epochs.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR THE EASTERN COUNTIES.*

WE noticed some time back the great improvement which had been made in the new edition of Mr. Murray's *Handbook for Somerset, Wiltshire, and Dorset*. We are glad to find the other side of England done according to the later model rather

than the earlier. If anything, our East-Anglian guide outdoes his West-Saxon brother in his zeal to be up to the latest lights. We should hardly have expected Mr. Cox's *Aryan Mythology* to be already quoted in a handbook. Yet here it is; the legend of Ragnar Lodbrog, at least the East-Anglian shape of it, is here dealt with according to the Comparative method. Both in the architecture and in the early history the writer tries, and for the most part tries successfully, to bring the best and newest sources of information to bear on his subject. This way of treating a local subject is new and cheering; what we have well nigh wearied ourselves by complaining of in local writers is the obstinate way in which they mostly stick to their own local *mummsimus*, and refuse to bring anything like general research to bear upon the particular objects of their own town or county. There is nothing like this in the present Handbook. Wherever we have looked in the book, we have found the work done with real and praiseworthy care, and with a special wish to deal with local history and local antiquities as parts of a wider subject.

The peninsula, as we may almost call it, formed by the old East-Anglian and East-Saxon kingdoms, is a part of England full of interest both in its history and in its existing monuments. The Eastern and the Western shires agree in having, each of them, a real history of their own. The barrier of the great fen made East-Anglia something very like an island, and it has always retained a kind of separate being. To this day it is a land which keeps a good deal to itself, and is less visited than most parts of the country by travellers from other parts. We conceive that none of the great cities and churches of England is so little known as Norwich and its cathedral, for the reason that, if you want to see Norwich, you must set out with the deliberate purpose of going to Norwich; you will not find Norwich on the road to any other place, unless it be to Yarmouth. No part of England is more strictly Teutonic. There is indeed reason to believe that isolated bodies of Britons held out in the fenland till an amazingly late time; but this is of course no argument against the general Teutonic character of the country, but a strong argument for it. No part of Britain has had more constant dealings with the Continent, or has received more and greater swarms of foreign immigrants. But from the first Saxon ravagers and Anglian settlers to the Hollanders and Flemings who brought their manufactures and their religion in the sixteenth century, all have been immigrants of one stock. In the ninth century the land was conquered by the Danes and parted out among them, but this settlement does not seem to have had the same thorough and lasting effect as the Danish settlements in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. It did not work the same change in nomenclature; the Danish ending *by*, so common in Danish Northumberland and Mercia, is in East-Anglia found only in one small corner of the country. After the reconquest by Eadward the Elder, East-Anglia remains a kind of appendage to Wessex. No part of England suffered more in the wars of Swegen and Cnut; and in the division between Cnut and Eadmund it fell to the lot of the West-Saxon King. It was firmly attached to the House of Godwine, and therefore, as one of the districts which suffered most at Senlac, it was one of those which submitted to the Conqueror from the beginning, and the building of a castle at Norwich was one of the first acts of his reign. In later history the country often showed much of an isolated and independent character; in the fourteenth, the sixteenth, and the seventeenth centuries East-Anglia has its fair share of movements and disturbances, but it often shows, as the author of this Handbook remarks, a certain spirit of isolation, a certain tendency to fight for its own hand. As for antiquities, East-Anglia is not rich in primæval remains; it has some Roman relics, Burgh Castle for instance, some noble military buildings, like Castle Rising, but its great strength lies in ecclesiastical architecture, especially of the later styles. The East and West of England may thus fairly be compared together; each is richer than most other districts in the later Gothic, and each has a perfectly distinct style of its own. The East-Anglian style is greatly influenced by the material. Not having the abundant building-stone of Somerset or Northamptonshire, the East-Anglian architects were driven to devise forms for themselves, and the elaborate flint-work of the churches in Norwich and elsewhere was the result. The same cause at an earlier time produced the East-Anglian round towers, which have nothing but their shape in common with those of Ireland. The Irish round towers were made round, because that was a favourite and traditional form, and they were made round just as much when they were built of fine ashlar as when they were built of the roughest material. But an East-Anglian round tower was made round, simply because to make it round avoided the quoins which would have been wanted if it had been made square. Most of these towers are of the twelfth century; some are later, and a few may be earlier. Of one very early building, Waybourne church, interesting at once as an example of primitive Romanesque and as an example of a very singular way of combining the monastic and the parochial elements, we are surprised to find no mention in the Handbook. With regard even to Wymondham—one of the very noblest examples of the double arrangement and worth going into Norfolk on purpose to see—the writer seems to be only feeling his way; but it is something to be even feeling one's way towards a matter which so few people seem to understand. Binham, another example of the same arrangement, seems to be better understood. One of the richest districts in Norfolk in ecclesiastical art is the "Marsh-

* Handbook for Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. With Map and Plans. London: John Murray. 1870.

land" between Wisbech and Lynn. Nowhere perhaps can so many fine churches be found so close together, for their vast scale puts them out of comparison with the group which otherwise might come nearest to them, those namely round Caen and Bayeux. But this district is not so strictly East-Anglian, and it does not show so much of a distinctly East-Anglian character in its buildings, as the more strictly peninsular part of the country. It is rather part of the great fen region, a continuation of Holland or of the fens of Ely. One hardly looks on Lincolnshire and Norfolk as neighbouring counties, but in this corner they are so in every sense.

Two other counties come in this volume, Cambridgeshire and Essex. Both may be looked on as in some sort appendages to East-Anglia, without strictly belonging to it. As Cambridgeshire was in the diocese of Lincoln till the foundation of a separate bishopric at Ely, it must be set down as, strictly speaking, Mercian or Mid-English, yet it has always had a close connexion with East-Anglia, and in many of the divisions of England it was placed under the same ruler. Its lack of natural attractions is made up for by an historic interest of the highest order. It might be enough to be the seat of one of our great Universities and of what is on the whole our noblest cathedral; but Cambridgeshire may further boast that it is its very lack of natural attractions which has given it its historic interest. The Isle of Ely has, twice at least, been the last stronghold of the defenders of England. More than once in the world's history a land of fens and a land of mountains have played the same part. Switzerland and the continental Holland rank side by side in the history of freedom.

Essex strikes us in our early history as the one permanent Saxon settlement north of the Thames. But, if not absolutely incorporated, like the West-Saxon districts beyond the boundary stream, with any of its Anglian neighbours, it showed a tendency to attach itself to their fortunes. When England was mapped out into great Earldoms, Essex was naturally placed in the same division as East-Anglia. In earlier days its importance depended on a few great Roman towns which stood within its borders, one of which, London to wit, proved too great for the East-Saxon Kings to keep. The ancient fellow of London, Colchester, plays a part in English history both early and late. It has its castle, its abbey, its priory; it has the recollection of two memorable executions, of its last Abbot in the sixteenth century and of its Royalist defenders in the seventeenth. Essex, too, contains three spots of such historic fascination as Maldon, Asendun, and Waltham. To all of them thorough justice is done by our writer, according to the latest lights; though here again, in the minister at Waltham, he fails fully to take in the double arrangement. Essex, it must be remembered, is a land of much wood and little stone, which has had a marked effect on its architecture. Brick buildings of much earlier date than usual are not uncommon; one might almost fancy that the tradition of the use of brick had gone on continuously from Roman times. But the characteristic building material in Essex is wood, from the days of Greenstead church onwards. When Cnut built "a minster of stone and lime," it was set down as something remarkable. In after times a class of wooden towers and spires, many of them very ingenious efforts of carpentry, became usual in the county. It is odd when we find one, as at Blackmore, built up against a Norman west front.

Altogether there are few districts, in or out of England, which we can better recommend to the antiquarian traveller than these four counties, which we may call East-Anglia and its appendages, and we can no less thoroughly recommend the present Handbook as a safe and intelligent guide in examining them.

HELPS'S LIFE OF CORTES.*

IT is plain that no protest will hinder Mr. Helps from going on with his plan of treating us to cuttings of his *Spanish Conquest in America* in the shape of so many separate biographies of the personages concerned. We have had to state our objections to this scheme as we have had before us in succession the Lives of Columbus and Pizarro, and now we have got to the Life of Hernando Cortes. There is no saying to what length this procession of agents in the great Western Conquest may be spun out, nor is it likely that any objections we may urge will prevent the line from stretching out to the crack of doom. All we can say is, that each instalment of the series impresses us more and more with the unfitness of the writer for the office of biographer even more than for that of a philosophic or statesmanlike historian. In its original shape, what struck us most in Mr. Helps's work was that he should have ventured upon ground already occupied by the thoughtful and scholarlike history of Mr. Prescott. A minute attention to detail, and submissive following of documentary texts, will ill take the place of a firm grasp of historical laws and a broad delineation of their effects in politics or society. Even more conspicuous throughout Mr. Helps's work is the absence of a perception of the large features of character, and of the power to delineate action on a wide and connected scale. Instead of the firm and sweeping lines of a master, his portraits are worked in, so to say, with a minute and stippling touch. Magnitude and dignity are sacrificed to exactitude of detail, and relief or balance of

light and shade lost in a general inanity and smoothness of surface. There could hardly be a grander or more commanding figure for a biographer to portray than that of Hernando Cortes. It is doubtless no part of Mr. Helps's purpose, but the inevitable result of his mode of treatment, that the model cavalier and hero of Western adventure is brought down so nearly to the common level of every day. Little incidents and traits of character, even tricks of gesture, gait, or dress, picked out of the contemporary annals, are put together side by side upon the page, but it is left to the reader's mind to construct from them an image at all adequate to the part played by Cortes in an age of greatness. It can assuredly be from no community of literary taste or temper that the work before us has been dedicated to Mr. Carlyle. Utterly undramatic in form, it is as regards language even in more utter contrariety to the most marked of existing styles. Bald, dry, and inartistic to a degree not often seen in contemporary literature, the facts or incidents are set down with little more than the crude simplicity of jottings in a note-book. In his over-conscientious anxiety, it may be, never to separate himself far from his authorities, Mr. Helps, often through long passages at a time, follows literally the text, and even the very idiom, of Bernal Diaz, Gomara, or Barcia. To clothe the bare skeleton thus resulting with living form and plastic grace must be the work of the reader's imagination. The same apparently cynic disdain for the dress which artistic taste might seek to throw over the nakedness of truth may be seen in the reproduction in graphotype of the coarse maps executed for the *Spanish Conquest*. As if to compensate for defective quality by profusion of quantity, one of these plates is actually inserted six, and another a dozen times over. On the other hand, we have to regret the omission of the curious plan of the City of Mexico given in Mr. Helps's original work from the Nuremberg edition of Cortes' Letters, A.D. 1524.

Notwithstanding Mr. Helps's disclaimer, we confess ourselves at a loss to see more in the volumes before us than a tissue of extracts from the *Spanish Conquest* drawn in a slight degree more closely around the person of Cortes. We fail to discern any new facts of value, nor are we made sensible what additional fruit his parade of industry in going through the ninety folios of MS. in the Muñoz collection at Madrid has enabled him to bring to the stores of learning amassed by Mr. Prescott. There is not much by way of extra proof to do away with the doubts "delicately but decisively" expressed to him, by Mr. Carlyle, touching the wonderful things told in his former work of the ancient glories of Mexico. The best that can be said for Mr. Helps as a biographer is that, as he has said of the illustrious subject of his memoir, he has "done his work as thoroughly as could be according to his lights." There are greater lights and lesser lights, and a man who can but hold up a taper must not be expected to rival the radiance of noon-day. Mr. Helps, if he has done no more, has given us, with much pains and great correctness, the outlines of a memorable career, which the researches of modern historians have cleared from much of the cloud of jealousy and ill repute that hung over it. Far from being classed any longer among the coarse and ruthless adventurers who carried forth the vices of the Old World to the ruin of the New, Cortes has risen to a permanent place among the statesmen, the rulers, and the organizing intellects of the world. He is no more to be linked with Pizarro or Almagro in the truculent race for power and unscrupulous thirst for gold. If in his faults he reflected much of the defective civilization of his day, in his shining qualities he could shed upon the age itself much of its highest lustre. The two points which his biographer rightly singles out as the basis of his character and achievements are those of an able soldier and a politic statesman. As a soldier Cortes ranked among the greatest masters of the art of war. If the scale of his enterprises be deemed small, it is so in the same sense in which the feat of Marathon has been pronounced small. The forces which he had to organize and wield were in point of mere numbers contemptible. They barely came up at best to the wing of a regiment of our own day. But in the results won by this handful of men against incalculable odds lay the proof of the genius and heroism of the exploit. Equal as he was to the scheme of designing and carrying through the overthrow of a mighty monarchy, Cortes was not less heedful of the minute details upon which depends so much of the working power of the military machine. "He would visit," says Bernal Diaz, "the hut of every soldier, to see that his weapons were ready at hand, and that he had his shoes on. Those whom he found neglecting anything in this way he severely reprimanded, and compared them to mangy sheep, whose own wool is too heavy for them." His habits on the march or in the field were those of the great Frederic, of Napoleon, of Wellington. The cruelty imputed to him belonged, Mr. Helps explains, more to his conduct than to his disposition. "Cortes was a man to go through with whatever he undertook. He did not particularly value life, and, while desiring no man's death, he would yet sweep aside human beings, if they came in his way, like any other kind of obstacles." He came to conquer, to civilize, and to convert, being really from youth a devout man according to his lights; and a few thousands of barbarian lives were as dust in the balance. A profound dissembler, courteous, liberal, amorous, decisive—a strange mixture of valour, religion, policy and craft—he was, as his biographer justly pleads, a true product of his century. A certain grandeur shows itself in all his proceedings. Madly audacious as he seemed, Cortes was at all times farseeing and endlessly fertile in resources. Never haunted by many scruples in the execution of his plans, the part he played was, as he himself candidly portrayed it,

* *The Life of Hernando Cortes*. By Arthur Helps, Author of "The Spanish Conquest in America." 2 vols. London: Bell & Daldy. 1871.

that of a "gentleman corsair." The device on his banner, on which was displayed a red cross on a black ground, "Let us follow the cross, and in that sign we shall conquer," well expressed the phase of romantic piety, so singular to modern ideas, through which the spirit of adventure passed on to its highest deeds of victory.

The charm of a high motive was thus thrown over the strange mixture of intrigue and chivalry, cunning and violence, lavish outlay and petty greed which is especially seen in the preparation for Cortes' first expedition. Like Cæsar, to whom Mr. Helps is fond of comparing his hero, Cortes was a lover of expense, and was mostly deep in debt. Much ambiguity, which his biographer has been unable wholly to clear up, hangs over the early part of his career. Among passages of this dubious kind are the alternations of fierce feud and confidential friendship between Cortes and the Governor Velasquez. On the whole we are inclined to hold, with Mr. Prescott against Mr. Helps, the truth of what Las Casas tells us he heard from Cortes himself touching his clandestine departure, borne out as it is by the undoubted attempt of the Governor to call him back from Trinidad. In his bold defiance of the letter of recall is brought out, on the other hand, all the strength of Cortes' nature. The Rubicon was passed. But what a force for the subjugation of an empire of almost fabulous vastness and wealth! We may take Mr. Helps's careful researches as having come nearest to the precise figures. The armament was made up of five hundred and fifty Spaniards, two or three Indians, some few negroes, and twelve or fifteen horses; and for artillery, ten brass guns and some falconets. Upon the horses, more even than upon the field-pieces or musketry, turned the fate of the Empire, as appears not only in the terror inspired, in the advance, by an animal unknown to the simple natives, but above all in bearing the few survivors through the horrors of the retreat from the capital. The tale of marvels comprised between these two points of the Spanish conquest will be read even in these days with a sense of freshness due to its utter contrast with all we now see in life. The very simplicity of Mr. Helps's way of telling it may tend perhaps to invest it all the more, to the minds of youthful readers at least, with the charm of a fairy tale. The subsequent capture of Mexico, and the consolidation of his conquest by Cortes, carried out in great measure with the help of numerous allies and a methodically equipped host, somewhat pales in interest after the first romantic and dare-devil enterprise. Still was there room here also not only for the strategic powers, but even more for the organizing genius, which bespoke in Cortes one of the foremost statesmen of all ages. With the acquisition to Spain of the most valuable of her foreign dependencies the fortunes of the great conqueror culminated, and the ingratitude of his country began to cloud his fortunes. In the words of Bernal Diaz, "everything turned to thorns with him," albeit, as the same devoted follower piously held it probable, "this was that he might have felicity in heaven." Neither in his Californian exploration, though opening up another vast and wealthy province to the knowledge of Europe and to the enrichment of Spain, nor in his expedition of discovery to the Sea of the South, did the spell of his earliest successes wait upon his steps. The frightful sufferings of his expedition to Honduras, relieved as the narrative is in part by the indomitable valour and well-nigh miraculous resources of Cortes, left their effects in the haggard aspect and broken frame with which the intrepid leader regained his capital, in June 1526, after an absence of two years and a half. The details of that interval of adventure, told after the hero's own modest and manly fashion in his fifth letter to Charles V., published in an English version by the Hakluyt Society, were passed by us under review two years ago. The closing scenes of his biography are hurried over by Mr. Helps with a profession of "regard for the patience of his readers" which might have prompted him to hesitate at an earlier stage in the contemplation of his work.

PURITAN BILLINGSGATE.*

PROBABLY there never was a book printed which contained more lies on its title-page than the little volume whose title may be read below. It was assuredly not printed at any place that could by any blunder of spelling be called *Roane*, neither did it appear at any place at all in the month of October 1553. Nor did the Archdeacon of Leicester, afterwards the celebrated Bishop Boner of London, ever write the preface to Stephen Gardiner's book *De vera Obedientia*; nor was Gardiner's book ever printed at Hamburg, where it is pretty certain there was in the year 1536 no printing press at all, much less a printer whose name in its Latinized form appears as *Franciscus Rhodus*. We will not go over the evidence for all this, much of which may be read, by any one who cares to amuse himself with a logic which is at once humorous and remorseless, in Dr. Maitland's *Essays on the Refor-*

* *De vera obedientia. An Oration made in Latine by the ryghte Reverend father in God Stephan B. of Winchester, now lord Chauncellor of england, with the preface of Edmunde Boner, sometime Archdeacon of Leicester and the Kinges maiesties embassadour in Denmarke, and sithence B. of London, touching true Obedience.* Printed at Hamburg in Latine, in officina Francisci Rhodi. Mense Ia. M.D. xxxvi., and nowe translated into english and printed by Michal Wood; with the Preface and conclusion of the translatour. From Roane. xxvi. of Octobre M.D. lili. In Readinge marke the Latine in the margine. A double mynded man is inconstant in al his waies. Jac. I.

mation. It will be sufficient here to add that what a superficial observer would call the second edition of this work, with several alterations both in the way of addition and retrenchment, professed to appear at Rome in the following month. The address of Rome, we suppose, was intended as a joke, and, if so, possibly we may be wrong in speaking of the fictions of the title-page of the earlier edition as downright lies. If so, the whole thing must be taken as a specimen of the sense of humour possessed by the Puritan party of the reign of Edward VI.; and perhaps some of our readers may be of opinion that the same party in the nineteenth century is, in this respect at least, about on a level with its predecessors of the sixteenth century.

The only thing that is true about the title is that there was an Oration so-called, written in Latin by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, of which we shall only say here that it is valuable not for the arguments contained in it so much as for the light it throws upon the views of Gardiner and his colleagues at that transition period when the Papal power had been abolished and the Royal Supremacy established, but before any changes had been made as regards the practice and mode of worship in the Church of England. It is perhaps worth while to mention here that the work was printed by Berthelet in 1535, and that there appears no ground whatever for the assertion of bibliographers that there was an edition published in 1534.

The reprint of such a work in an English translation, by a different hand, more than eighteen years after it had been first published, of course had an object. That object was to damage the character of its writer by showing up the inconsistency of the man who could in Henry VIII.'s reign argue for obedience to the Royal Supremacy, and who yet was instrumental in restoring the Papal power under Mary. We have already said that, amongst the lies told by the title-page of this book, the date of its publication is certainly one. Its contents sufficiently show this. The writer of the preface, whoever he is, speaks in it of Dr. Stephen Gardiner as "now Lord Chancellor and common Cuttethrote of England." Now it is certain that at the pretended date of this book Gardiner was Lord Chancellor, and it may be taken as equally certain that his bitterest enemy would never at that time have spoken of him as the "common Cuttethrote of England," for no person had at that time, or for many months afterwards, since the accession of Queen Mary, suffered death for his faith; and scarcely anything had taken place which could have been spoken of as persecution on the score of religion, excepting the imprisonment in the Tower or in the Fleet of a few of the more prominent preachers of the preceding reign, such as Rogers, Bradford, Ridley, Hooper, Latimer, and Cranmer. And some of these were prisoners of State on the ground of their treasonable adherence to the pretended Queen Jane, rather than for any reason connected with religion. It is not known that any besides these had been in any way molested, though there had been an Order in Council issued just two months earlier directing that such as should contemn the Queen's order of religion should be committed to ward—"there to remain until they be conformable." Internal evidence sufficiently proves that 1555 is the earliest date that can be assigned to the little volume in question. We reserve the question of editorship till we have presented our readers with some specimens of the choice Puritan Billingsgate of its editor. The only two persons of the old learning whom he does not revile are the Queen and Cardinal Pole, and for adopting this line the author had very sufficient reasons of his own. It was of course of the utmost importance that the anonymous writer should appear to keep on good terms with the Queen, if he could thereby show up Gardiner the better for having been the unflinching advocate of the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and the cause of the Act of Parliament which had declared the child of Catharine of Aragon a bastard.

The translation is executed, as far as we have compared it with the original, with tolerable fidelity. We do not propose to draw attention to this part of the work, but only to the marginal references, which are written in the style of those which appear in the margins of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, and to the preface, which is composed after a model of which the reader shall judge for himself by a few extracts we will make—premising only that for decency's sake we omit some blasphemy, as well as some filthy expressions which we dare not reprint.

The writer professes some years ago to have read a sermon preached before Henry VIII. by Tunstall, and an oration in Latin by Samson, at that time Bishop of Chichester, but

now the double-faced epicurean biteshepe of Coventrye and Lichefelde, both of which were against the Bishop of Rome, so that he professes to marvel at the change that is come over them at the restoration of the Papal jurisdiction. This is only by way of introduction, and he leaves the two bishops with a parting slap at Tunstall as being a "still dreaming Saturn," and Samson as an "idle-bellied carnall epicure"; but *à propos* to his subject he says he had chanced to fall in with the book *De vera Obedientia* "made twenty years past by Dr. Stephen Gardiner, then bishop of Winchester, now lord Chancellour and common Cuttethrote of England," with a preface by "doughty Dr. Boner, then Archdeacon of Leicester, gaping to be bishop as he is now;" then, returning to Gardiner, says that he, "with his blowbolle bocherly brother Boner, turning like weathercocks *ersye versie*," were trying "to set up Antichrist again, abusing and bewitching the Queen's grace's lenitie and scrupulous perplexity." And the object he

has in view is to exhibit their inconsistency, and to show them up as "impudent maintainers of filthy whoredom, blasphemous haters of chaste marriage, double-faced perjurers, defacers of the nobility, cutthrotes of the commonalty." He next accuses him and his "fellow shavelings" of saying, and causing "Dudley the wicked duke to declare, by his learning and conscience that the truth hath not been opened and that England hath been divided from the Catholic Church," &c. We quote the following passages, which are characteristic of the writer:—

If gay Gardiner, blowbolle Boner, untrusty Tunstall, and slowbellied Samson be no more nimble in covering their practices, blame not drunken Doctor Weston (for all his burned breche) nor impudent Feckenham, with the rest of the saucy swarm of shavelings, though their shameless lying, careless perjury, and blasphemous iniquity appear openly to all the world.

Then was then, and now is now,
Down with your bastard and milk the cow.

And again soon afterwards:—

It is not out of memory since drunken burnetailed Weston was at the cost in his sermons and lessons upon hope of preferment to the divinity lecture in Oxford to publish and affirm *sola fides justificat*, so that great malice and contention arose between him and goggle-eyed Smythe with Dr. Cotes about it, &c. . . . The same doctrine was confirmed also by Dr. Oglethorpe, Ramriche, Draicot, Pole, and Burne, and almost by all the rabble of them that now have quite banished both *sola* and *fides*. It is not long since Dr. Chadsey subscribed to the marriage of priests and against Transubstantiation with a great sort more which cry out now, Come again to your Mother Church, &c. . . . As for Doctor Ynkepotte, that blinking cockscomb Standishe which saith he married against his conscience, it is the less scandal seeing he is more fit to make a riding fole of than a chaplain for a King.

It may be worth observing that the last words "chaplain for a king" are altered in the later edition into, "a procurator of convocation." This later edition has also the following passage, which does not appear in the earlier:—

Tunstall in his written sermon chafeth and fumeth against Reynolde Pole, reviling him, and calling him the King's archtraitor, but now I trust he shall be welcome home my Lord Cardinal with blessing Godfather. As for Cardinal Pole, by report, Tunstall and Gardiner, neither the best of them is not worthy to wipe his shoes, neither for learning, judgment, nor sobriety of life.

Soon afterwards the writer apostrophises Gardiner in the following terms:—

O filthy traitor and pernicious papist, the very poison of England this day. Of a lean, lazy, and lecherous locust of the bottomless pit, thou art become an outrageous lion.

The next few pages have a tolerable sprinkling of such expressions as "chattering Chancellor," "scabbed cuckowe's bride," "popping, popish pattering priest," "tyrannous traitor," sometimes applied to Gardiner, sometimes to others; and the preface winds up with the following lament:—

Seeing we will needs be swine, God would no longer bestow his pearls upon us, but give us leave to be fed with the draffe of masing masses, mumming matins, drowsy diriges, pykepurse purgatory, pope's pardons, latin service, beads bells and bagpipes, praying to dead saints, lincings of reliques, Lent shrifte, benedicite godfather, absolution behind the curtain, oil and cream, with other superstitious baggage, the devil and all.

And now we think we have given extracts enough from this preface to enable the reader to form some opinion of the style of the writer who calls himself Michal Wood. It may be that our readers have never heard of this gentleman as a literary character. Neither can we throw much light upon the subject, but this much is known of him, that he was a printer at Geneva, where about twelve years before the time of this publication he published one of the works of John Bale, called the *Mystere of Iniquyte*. Any one acquainted with the works of the celebrated Bishop of Ossory would at once pronounce that Michal Wood had not been his printer for nothing, but that he had caught something of the tone of his author. If it should occur to any one as possible that the name given on the title-page which contains so many downright lies may probably be a *nom de guerre*, and if further it should appear that the writer was somewhat more familiar with gossiping anecdotes about persons living in England than a Genevan printer was likely to be, we would ask him to compare a passage in Bale's *Declaration of Boner's Articles*, which certainly was published late in the year 1554, with another passage from this preface. Instead of quoting them at length we will give what Antony Wood says of them in his *Life of Hugh Weston*:—"Jo. Bale," he says, "who speaks well of few men, saith that he had been sore bitten with a Winchester goose, and was not as yet healed thereof; and tells us of his old familiar Mary Huckvale of Oxford, and his provider, goodwife Person, and Christian Thompson the widow, and I know not what. Another equal with Bale in scurrilities (Mich. Wood, a printer in his epist. to the reader before Steph. Gardiner's *Oration De vera Obedientia* pr. at Roan, 1553) saith that Hugh Weston is a drunken burnt-tail man, a bawdy beast, a lecherous locust, a companion of courtizans of Coleman-hedge—more meet to be coupled with his old play-fellow and packhorse, goodwife Hugvaile at Oxon, at the tail of a cart, than to be revered and reputed a maiden priest in good queen Mary's court." The reader will agree with us that Wood is not exaggerating when he speaks of this as "brutish language, more fit to be spoken at Billingsgate than by a person that made divinity his delight."

If any one can affect any longer to doubt whether John Bale,

afterwards Bishop of Ossory, was the author of this preface, and the real publisher of the book, we would just refer him to the Latin life of Gardiner in Bale's *Centurie*, where he will find whole passages which have been transferred from this preface, and translated very literally into Latin, together with so many allusions to the same class of subjects as occur in the volume before us as will lead him to suspect, not only that the same author produced both, but that they were composed pretty nearly simultaneously. We may perhaps at a future time exhibit some more specimens of the alliterative vituperations of Bishop Bale of Ossory.

SUTHERLAND'S HANDBOOK OF HARDY HERBACEOUS AND ALPINE FLOWERS.*

FASHIONABLE as is the modern system of gardening by bedding-out, and agreeable as it may be to the lordly-minded gardener who finds no interruption to his dream of colour or to his convenient theory that "master pays," it is pretty certain that many garden-owners, not destitute of taste, would gladly revert in large measure to the herbaceous garden of their grandmothers. While confining the galaxy of gay parterres to some choice space near the drawing-room or boudoir windows, some favoured spot whereupon eyes that dote on bright colours might take their fill of gazing for the summer season, they would like to offer to simpler tastes a wider range of either wholly herbaceous subjects, or mixed specimens of both kinds, in such wise that the change of seasons might be represented and noted by the flowers in or out, by the scent of this or that old favourite in blossom, and by the succession of variety which has a far more pervading attraction than splendid sameness. No one would propose to explode the fancy for massing colours, or displaying the triumphs of variegated foliage, which is the prime characteristic of modern gardening; but it must be owned that it is a pleasant relief to find oneself saluted, on turning down a cross-walk in some garden where the genius of conservatism still lingers, by the prodigal scent of the "sweet wallflower," of which Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*, sang so naturally, or the gay sight of snapdragons and foxgloves, and such old half-forgotten favourites, the variety and profusion of which, where they are tolerated, is endless. And clearly there is a fair promise of the turning of the tide—a promise which will be certain of fulfilment if amateurs will really take the matter in hand, and qualify themselves to combat successfully the arguments of gardeners, who find in the fashionable system an abridgment of thought and labour, and an easy means of winning credit for themselves at their employers' cost. The first great step is the diffusion and mastery of such manuals as the *Alpine Plants* and *Wild Garden* of Mr. W. Robinson, and the more recent work upon *Hardy Herbaceous and Alpine Flowers* by Mr. Sutherland, which now lies before us. The first-named book has more than once received from us a deserved meed of praise; our present concern is with a perhaps more matter-of-fact and less imaginative writer on horticultural topics, but one whose acquaintance with his subject is vouched by an exceptionally ample experience, and whose work, it should be added, has the immense recommendation of an excellent index. If we could have everything we wished, of course we should not rest until every order, genus, and species of the flowers treated of in these manuals was illustrated in coloured plates; but, as this is hardly to be hoped for, we are thankful for the clear and exact descriptions, the careful botanical classifications, and the copious data, by means of which the various subjects are brought home to us. A champion of wholesome reactionary views, our author has striven to furnish professional and amateur gardeners alike with a handbook calculated to obviate the need of access to costly library books or distant botanic gardens for the personal study of plants that have been long suffering eclipse. Its arrangement, according to natural orders, not alphabetical rotation, is designed to assist a just appreciation of the relative importance of orders, and the principles of the affinities of plants; and the identification of diverse species cannot but be greatly facilitated by the particular description of stature, habit, foliage, inflorescence, colour and durations of flower, which accompanies every plant considered worthy of mention. The result is a handy work of reference that may well serve the purpose of the painstaking and intelligent gardener who seeks to recover a half-buried knowledge, and of the owner of a garden who, having some views of his own in reference to wholesale bedding-out, desires to enforce those views by the opinion of a writer with authority.

Mr. Sutherland's weight is all the greater on these topics because he is not a vehement and prejudiced champion. He is by no means averse to massing within bounds. What he protests against is the limitation of floral attractions to the months of summer and autumn—a severe limitation to all but the owners of town as well as country houses, but one which is unavoidable unless flower-beds can, by the use of hardy perennials and Alpine plants, either exclusively or intermixedly, be made available for garden embellishment in spring as well as summer. Now, if

* *Handbook of Hardy Herbaceous and Alpine Flowers*. By William Sutherland, Gardener to the Earl of Minto, formerly Manager of the Herbaceous Department at Kew. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

the great drawback to bedding-out is the brief period of enjoyment which it offers in our climate, the question at once arises how, and by what new additions to the flower border, it is possible to extend the period of bloom. Mr. Sutherland has two alternatives—the *migratory* spring garden, which you must plant in autumn for the next spring, as soon as the beds are cleared of their summer tenants, taking them back again before the next summer campaign; and the *permanent*, which consists in the allotment of a certain undisturbed share of garden space to a distinct spring garden. The last is undoubtedly the cheaper and less disappointing plan. But there seems to be a *via media*, which consists in carrying on, by means of the mixed border, spring, summer, and autumn garden in the same space, to the enhancement of the garden's attraction, and the ultimate lightening of the owner's outlay and the gardener's labour. Especially where the appliances for winter housing are limited, it is good policy and economy to fill a border or bed in an English garden with the hardy outdoor flowers, herbaceous and Alpine, taking care that these shall possess a permanent and pervading interest, if not of flower, yet of foliage and individual aspect, and that they shall represent the groundwork and backbone, as it were, of the border, the bedders coming in as temporary and subsidiary aids. Mr. Sutherland gives suggestive hints as to the position which each should hold with reference to each, and, amongst others, has a good word for the carpeting plan in connexion with the so-called massing system. "The bright beauty of spring flowers," he remarks, "rising in relief from a carpet of the moss-like saxifrage, or the still more compact, and in many soils not less verdant, *Spergula pilifera*, would be more enjoyable on account of the cheerful contrast than when springing from and often bedraggled with the soil." And this carpeting, which would obviously, as he adds, "be a real boon to many mountain plants," would offer also to many a beauty of the summer season a couch not to be despised. How effective ere now has appeared some tall subject of contrasted blossom standing out from a dense "plump" of saponaria, and what results might be realized from dotting the moss-like cushions of *Silene acaulis* (p. 77) with tall and distinct specimens of some more showy order. This latter, it is true, is said to be best adapted for rockwork, but in Cumberland, where

Up among the mountains,
In soft and mossy dell,
By the silent springs and fountains
The lovely wildflowers dwell,

it is to be seen covering whole reaches of the mountain side. For the soil desirable for herbaceous plants Mr. Sutherland simply prescribes deep trenching and thorough draining. The proper time for planting is at any time after growth is nearly matured. As regards their summer management, in mixed borders, the vigorous species should be early thinned, to improve and prolong their flowering; and these, too, should be staked and trained in good time, so as to be kept clean and tidy. Mr. Sutherland, like Mr. Robinson, is a foe to unnecessary digging-over or digging-about. In discoursing on winter management he says pithily, "If a border has a groundwork of carpeting plants all over it, digging is happily impossible; if not, it is undesirable and objectionable." Herbaceous borders, he observes elsewhere, are best let alone, though no doubt every few years they will need renewing. As touching Alpine plants and their culture, Mr. Robinson discusses the questions of climatic and local aptitudes which this part of his subject raises; and, upon the sound theory that English life is too exciting for them in general, he insists that, if naturalized, it must be on rockwork, as offering the nearest approach, in drainage, shelter, and opportunity of dormancy, to their old home life. Many indeed will admit of a sojourn in the mixed border, if the locality is not too moist and the drainage good; but the normal habitat is the rockery, for the constructing, watering, and duly keeping of which full instructions are given. These Alpine plants are best multiplied by division, and the safest time for doing this is spring, except in the case of the hardiest and most vigorous sorts. "Those which make an early start into flower, such as *Anemone apennina*, may be divided in early autumn, and any that are then divided should be attended to early, as soon as the first symptoms of going to rest are apparent."

The most reviewable portion of this handy volume is the Introduction, upon which we have thus far been dwelling, but its real usefulness to the earnest worker in floriculture will be found in the systematic marshalling of each clan of healthy herbaceous plants and hardy mountaineers, one after another, which makes up the bulk of the book, and facilitates a selection of the most suitable representatives of any given class for a particular locality. For instance, if we wish to introduce colour in compact mass into spring-garden borders, there is a choice under the order Ranunculaceae, the Buttercup family, of showy anemones, the Poppy and the Garden, and their double varieties, about which full information is given. The *Anemone hortensis fulgens*, which several of this year's catalogues quote as very rare, is shown by Mr. Sutherland to be easily grown and increased in any quantity by means of seed, while the *Coronaria*, parent of all the poppy anemones, may be counted upon for three months of bloom if sown in September, October, or again in February. In this same order are those effective background flowers, the Aconites, the Columbines, and the Larkspurs, now almost better known as Delphiniums. Mr.

Sutherland does not believe in the hundred species of the first-named genus, but he offers a choice of aconites from four to seven feet in height, distinct in their colours of dark blue and yellow. Of the common columbine there are double varieties in half-a-score of different colours, while from the Himalayas and from Guatemala we have very distinct and profuse flowering species, pale yellows from the first locale, scarlet and orange from the second. Of the larkspurs there is more limit to the colour, but their "plume-like mode of flowering" and generally imposing habit has advanced them to comparative favour; and if the author's hint that with care and pains they may be effectively pegged down at graduated heights on the margins of shrub-groups (p. 13) bears any fruit, there is no reason why this favour should not become even more extensive. When we come to the Papaveraceae, which are obviously suitable in colour and leafage for effects of a grand kind, the drawback is found to be fleetingness of bloom, though this is somewhat compensated by quick succession. Among those described, the *Papaver alpinum*, an orange-red dwarf with pale centre, and *Papaver bracteatum*, a rough-stemmed, bare-stalked, large, bright orange and scarlet flower, three or four feet high, are the most out of the common. Not for colour, but for interesting flower-spikes of creamy white, tinted white, and rose, the *Spiraeas* in the order of Rosaceae claim a good word. Their place, however, is in the waterside, not the tree-skirting, shrubbery (unless it be open and moist), but in the former they attract and charm from early summer until autumn. As they vary from eighteen inches to four feet they admit of gay cushions to spring out of, and a little pains and consultation of Mr. Sutherland's volume will suggest the blue or pink superficies from which they may fitly rear themselves. For the lake-side shrubbery, too, the *Epilobium angustifolium* and "hirsutum" are excellently suited. Among the gayer orders, that of the Scrophulariaceae demands a place—a large component of it, the Pentstemons, having recently forced themselves into a deserved popularity; but we have personally a weakness for the antirrhinum, or snapdragon, as well as for the mimulus, or monkey plant, which is beautiful in its varieties, and will blossom to any extent under the drip of eaves or spouting. It should not be forgotten that the musk-plant, whose scent never tires in a garden, is one of the "mimuli."

The book before us will yield to the searcher full and rich choice of glaucous and succulent plants for edging—cresses and crassulaceae, saxifrages, antennarias, cerastiums, and the like. It may be referred to with confidence for all sorts of hints for properly adorning a rockery, its account of the Gentianaceae, a race of very lovely tenants, being very complete and delightful. A hint or two given in passing in this interesting section (191-8) might, if laid to heart by amateurs, or by gardeners who condescend to read, prevent much disappointment as to these charming Alpines. Many of the best species are best propagated by division, in early spring, at the commencement of active growth. *Verna* and *Acaulis*, for instance, may be cut up out of turf-like masses into very small bits with safety, and so yield a score of close-matted patches of green and blue instead of the single clump which is so striking that you are ever wishing there was more of it. Most gentians will thrive in the rockery, which is the best imitation of their Alpine home; but not a few take kindly to the open border, for which—given a good, deep, moist loam for soil—they form an incomparable edging. Of the two aquatic genera of this order—the *Villarsia* nymphoides, and the *Menyanthes trifoliata*, sometimes called the "hyacinth of the marshes"—the reader will find a full account in p. 197, with hints how to add these attractive features to whatever of lake or pond or canal may chance to skirt his garden or shrubbery.

It is not easy to do justice in these hasty glances to the thoroughness of Mr. Sutherland's book; perhaps a fairer idea would be given could we transcribe his sections on one or more special orders of general interest and attraction—the Violaceae for instance, the Primulaceae, or the Gramineae. It must suffice to say that the treatment of them is, in each case, such as to satisfy the most curious, and interest the most cursory, of readers. If we have a fault to find with the book, it is an occasional carelessness of style—no great matter in a handbook for practical people. It has few omissions or serious errors, so far as we have been able to detect. The *Cerastium Biebersteinii*, which was brought from the Caucasus in 1820, is said to be a native of the mountains of *Tauria*, a country not to be found in any geographical index; and we suppose that the *Daphne Cneorum*, a pretty trailing Alpine, is omitted on the ground that it is strictly a shrub. As a book to read from end to end for sustained interest, Mr. Sutherland's volume must be accounted second to Mr. Robinson's works on kindred subjects; but, as far as our observation goes, it is second to none in its honest work, valuable hints, and compact practical information.

PERNY'S CHINESE DICTIONARY.*

IN this age of bookmaking it is vain to expect that every compiler of a dictionary should possess an intimate knowledge of the language on which he professes to be an authority. This

* *Dictionnaire Français-Latin-Chinois de la langue Mandarine parlée.* Par Paul Perny, M.A. Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

ignorance is of less importance when the language treated is one so universally known as French or German, for instance, since the number of dictionaries of those tongues is so large, and their comparative value is so well ascertained, that an author publishes a new one at his peril, and people buy it at their discretion. But when the language is one about which so very little is known as Chinese, the matter is widely different. The number of European-Chinese dictionaries now in print may be counted on the fingers of the two hands; the choice is, therefore, extremely limited, and it becomes a duty on the appearance of any new work of the kind to point out whether it be one likely to help students on their irksome road, or to prove a stumbling-block in their way. Without further preface, therefore, we unhesitatingly affirm that M. Perny's Dictionary is worse than useless.

The visit of the Chinese Embassy to Paris in the year 1869 created in that capital a perfect *fièvre* for the study of Chinese. Six professorships at the various colleges and schools were founded, students flocked to the classes, and books on the language were eagerly sought after; the veriest tyros were looked up to as authorities on the subject, and works by any one who could boast of a residence in China were accepted as infallible guides. To the impetus thus given to the study is to be attributed the appearance of the work before us. Its author seems from his preface to have entirely misunderstood the responsible nature of the task he thus undertook, and appears to have entered upon his labours with true French "lightheartedness." He ridicules the idea of Chinese being a difficult language. The colloquial dialect, he tells us, is "d'une simplicité des plus étonnantes," is entirely free from "ce bagage scientifique" which encumbers our modern languages, and the student, after having been well imbued with the genius of the language, and with his (M. Perny's) counsels, will find that after two or three months' application he will be able to keep up a conversation in it with ease and fluency. Under the same auspices, the young Sinologue will make such rapid progress in the written language as will astonish him. It is true that it consists of some 80,000 characters, but, says M. Perny, if the young student makes himself thoroughly acquainted with eight or ten thousand of these ideographic signs, which he might easily do in the course of two or three years, he will be able to read "très couramment tous les ouvrages chinois," and "jouirait d'une réputation méritée de savant." We quite agree with M. Perny that the reputation as a *savant* which any young Sinologue would enjoy who made himself thoroughly acquainted with eight or ten thousand Chinese characters in the course of two or three years' study would be well deserved. But is the language what M. Perny represents it to be? The work before us is a sufficient answer to this question. That M. Perny should have made such wild assertions as those above quoted, coupled, we are bound to say, with much of the contents of his Dictionary, forces upon us the conclusion that he has not arrived at that amount of knowledge which, according to the Chinese proverb, consists in being aware of one's ignorance.

It is true that M. Perny speaks of the difficulties with which he had to contend at the commencement of his labours, but, as far as we can gather, those difficulties were confined to the want of money and of Chinese type. We are not told how the first of these was overcome, but to M. Perny's own right hand alone is it due that the second was vanquished. With inexhaustible patience, industry, and ingenuity, he, in the space of two years, cut the whole of the type that was required for his Dictionary, and in this part of his undertaking he has most certainly achieved a great success. The characters are beautifully modelled, and will bear favourable comparison with the best native type.

In order that his Dictionary might enjoy "un caractère d'universalité," M. Perny tells us that he chose French as its basis, and that he added a Latin translation of every word and expression to fix their meaning. This would have been a harmless addition to his work, although an entirely unnecessary one, had it in any way fulfilled its object; but, unfortunately, it only forms another element of danger to those who may be induced to take his Dictionary as their guide. From a further complication of errors M. Perny was, we are glad to say, preserved—by a consideration, however, which opens to the imagination some idea of the blunders which we might otherwise have been called upon to note. It was proposed to him that he should also supply an English version. His reason for not complying with this suggestion is, to say the least of it, quaint. He says that he refused on account of the "nombreuses variations de sens entre les mêmes mots français et anglais." We confess that we do not quite understand the meaning of this objection. M. Perny can hardly be so entirely ignorant of the English language as not to know that only a small proportion of French words are spelt in the same way as their English equivalents; but if he means that such equivalents often fail to give the exact sense he might wish to convey, what could be easier than to supply words which should represent his true meaning? There can be no possible reason, for instance, why the French word *variation* should be rendered into English by *variation*, when *difference* would be the more appropriate term. The same objection, if we have interpreted his reasons aright, would apply even more to Latin than to English.

M. Perny has thought it necessary to deprecate severe criticism at the hand of his reviewers by adopting as a motto on the cover of his work the well-known text which likens those learned in

language but destitute of charity to sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. We would, however, remind M. Perny that the reviewers have to exercise charity towards those who might be tempted to purchase his Dictionary as well as towards himself; and, that he may not consider our remarks on his book unfair, we will proceed to make good our assertions by pointing out a few of the errors which abound in its pages. In the first place, he has made the mistake of attempting to translate a French dictionary bodily into Chinese, and in so doing has continually been obliged to torture Chinese characters, contrary to their established grammatical value and sense, into expressing the meanings he wishes to convey. It is true that a great number of Chinese words become either verbs, adjectives, or substantives according to the position they occupy in a sentence; but, on the other hand, many are incapable of being so interchanged. This restriction M. Perny has entirely ignored, and so we find, for instance, that he translates the substantive *Abjection* by the Chinese verb *Sy*, to wash, a character which can never serve as a noun, and can only become an adjective when given the necessary suffix. He makes a similar error with the word *Abomination*, the Chinese equivalent of which, he tells us, is *Hén tē hèn*, an expression signifying to hate excessively, and which by no possibility can bear a substantive value. Of this he would almost seem to have been himself aware, as in the only phrase he gives us under this head he translates the above characters by "avoir en abomination." Throughout the whole work he is thoroughly inconsistent with himself. On page 5 he translates *Absurde* by *Pou hó lý tỳ*, which means "contrary to what is right and proper"; and a few lines further down he gives as the equivalent of *Abusif* the same characters, with the addition of a compound term signifying manner or custom. A beginner, therefore, would be led to suppose that there is no more accurate way of rendering the word *Abusif* into Chinese than by the roundabout and extremely vague expression, "in a manner contrary to what is right or proper," and that Chinamen have failed to make any verbal distinction between what is absurd and what is abusive. M. Perny's Chinese phrases are as incorrect as his translations of single words. To illustrate the use of the expression he has invented for *Absurde*, he translates "Rien n'est plus absurde" into Chinese by *Où you kén pou hó lý tỳ*, which can only be interpreted thus:—There is nothing very contrary to what is right or proper. We have been not a little puzzled to discover the meaning of some of his Chinese sentences. For instance, he translates *Conduire une barque*—Lat. *Ducere cymbum*—into Chinese by *Sie ý tché tchouan*. At first sight we were utterly at a loss to account for the use of the character *Sie* in this connection, as its primary and most general meaning is, to write. But it also means to trace, or to draw, and we can only suppose that M. Perny, in consulting a Chinese-English dictionary, made much the same mistake as the boy in *Punch*, who desired the French servant to *dessiner* a glass of porter, and mistook the word to draw, meaning to delineate, for the same word meaning to drag.

The above quotations, taken at random from the first few pages of the work before us, are sufficient to gauge the depth of the author's knowledge of Chinese. Our readers will probably wonder that any one possessing such a very slight acquaintance with the language should have ventured upon publishing a dictionary of it, but they will be still further surprised to learn that M. Perny's Latin is about on a par with his Chinese, and that, instead of fixing the signification of the expressions he gives us, it serves only further to mystify his meaning. For example, he translates "C'est ma bête noire" by "Neminem pejus habeo," which cannot even claim to be "dog," Latin, a category in which it would be a decided compliment to place the following phrases. At page 9 we find "Acheter à crédit" rendered by "Absentem pecuniā emere," and a few pages further on, "Il nous a reçu d'une manière admirable," by "Admirabiliter except nos." The Latins, we are told, would express "Manger à table d'hôte" by "Cenare pro symbolo," and the Chinese by "Tché 'tén fán." We are not sure to which people these respective phrases would be least intelligible. To dine for a token would probably have been a very acceptable way of getting a meal to many a spendthrift Latin, but it would scarcely have conveyed to him the idea of eating at a *table d'hôte*, and "Tché 'tén fán" is certainly not Chinese for the same, nor for anything else. "Tché" is to eat, and "ý 'tén fán" is a meal, but "tén" in this connexion, without a numeral before it, is meaningless, and under no circumstances, even were the numeral supplied, can the phrase signify anything but to eat a meal. We will only quote one more specimen of our author's Latin, and in doing so we shudder to think what would have been the result had he, following the advice of his friends, published an English version of his Dictionary. He has, at page 62, the courage to express the equivalent of "Allons au but" by "Ad rem ipsam veniamus."

Before taking leave of M. Perny, we would fain express a hope that the want of success which must in all probability attend the publication of his Dictionary may prevent the appearance of a promised "Grammaire très-pratique de la langue Chinoise," which, under what we venture to consider to be a mistaken estimate of the value of his works on the language, he announces will be "indispensable à ceux qui veulent étudier le chinois."

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